THE

JUVENILE SONGSTER,

OR

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Price [illegible]

The JUVENILE SONGSTER,

Consisting of Thirty-five

CHEERFUL AND MORAL SONGS,

Set to appropriate Music,

and Designed for

Children, Schools & Private Families.

By

LOWEL MASON.

Ent. Sta. Hall. *Pr 4/.*

LONDON,
J. ALFRED NOVELLO.
Music Seller (by special Appointment) to Her Majesty,
69, Dean Str.t Soho.
and Wilkins & Carter, Boston, America.

1837

ADDRESS.

The object of this little work is to furnish a collection of songs adapted to the circumstances and capacities of children. Both music and words will be found to be very simple, and of such a character as experience has proved interesting to those for whom they are designed.

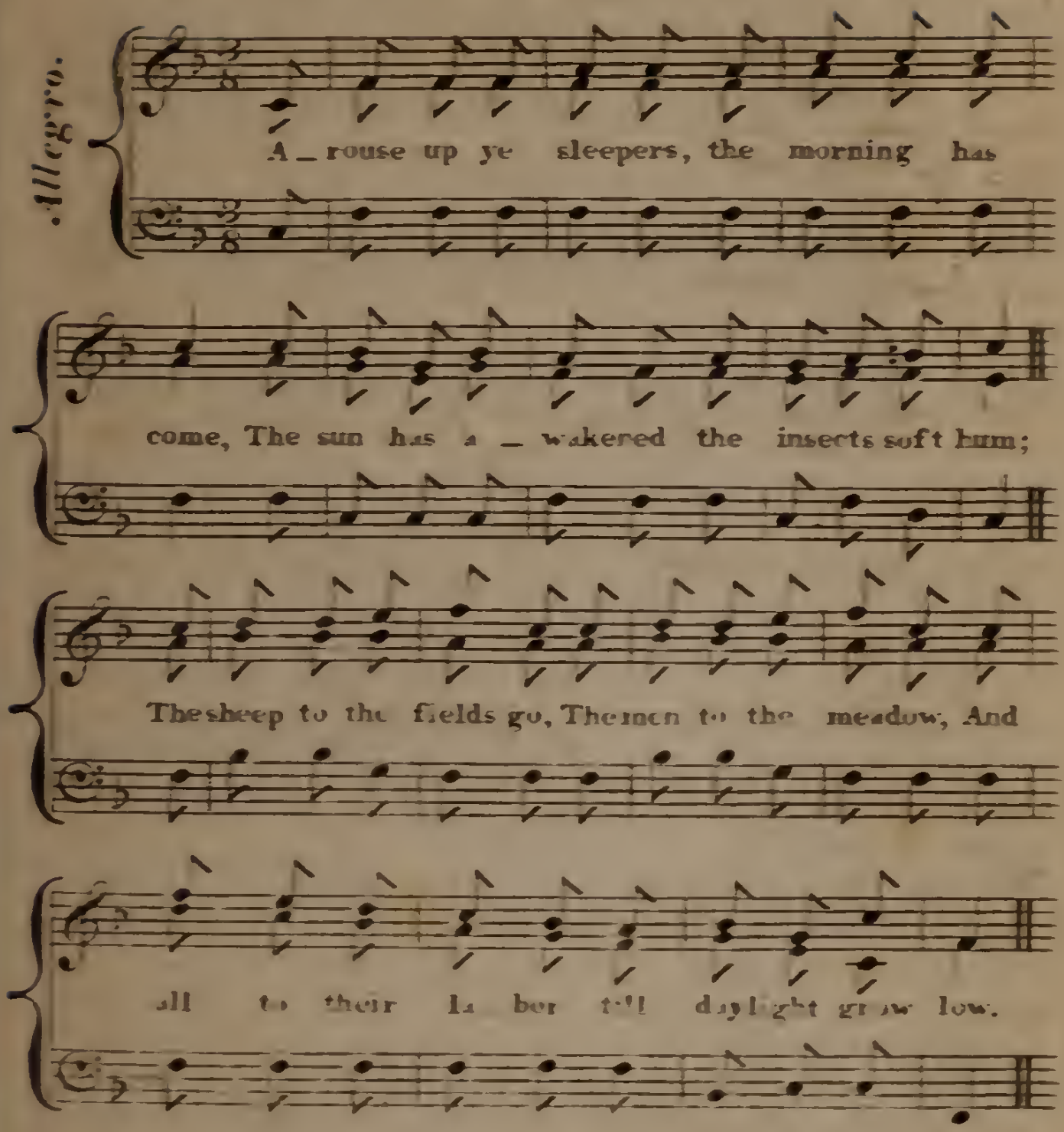
A few of the melodies have been selected from German works, mostly from those of NAEGELI, who has been styled the apostle of musical education, and a few are common or popular tunes.

Great care has been taken to preserve purity of sentiment in the poetry, some of which has been imitated from the German, and written expressly for the work. Every piece is believed to be of such a character, as is at once calculated to please the mind, and to improve the heart

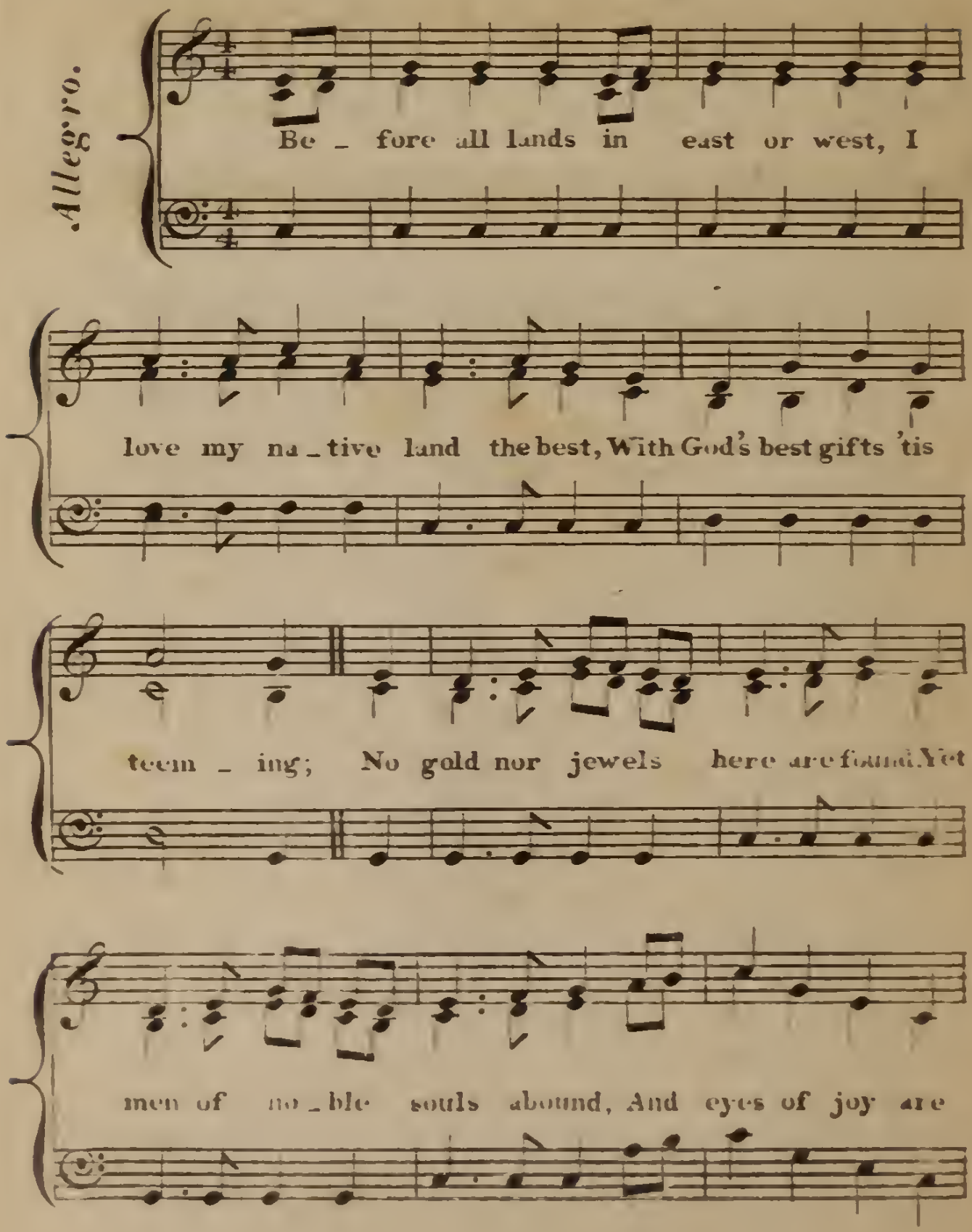
The arrangement of the music is such, that while it answers for the Piano Forte, it may in most cases be sung in one, two, or three equal parts: the base part being sung an octave higher than written. To all the children in the kingdom, this little work, designed at once for their amusement and their instruction, is dedicated

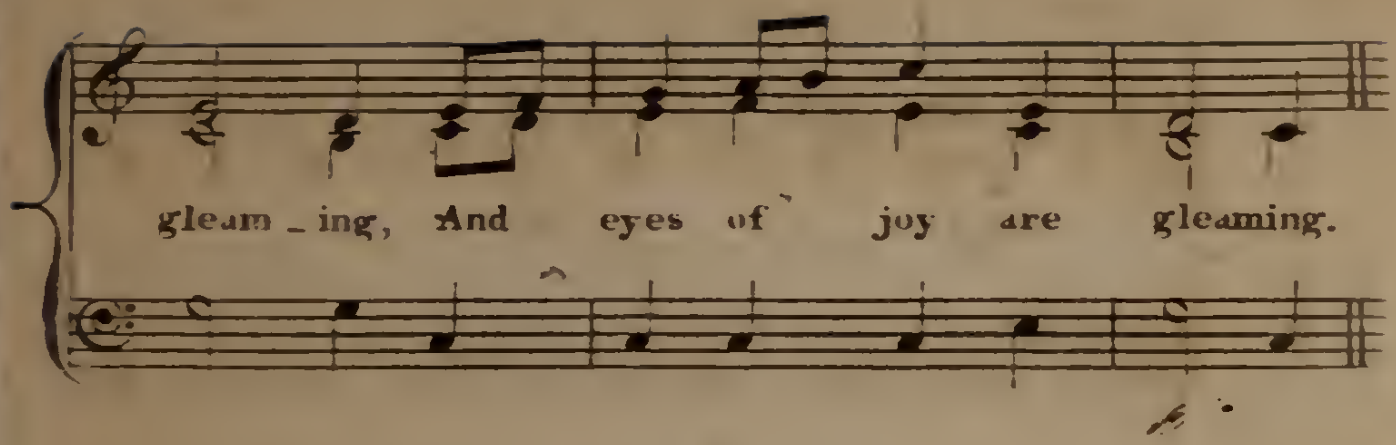
by their sincere friend

LOWEL MASON.



O lose not the brightest of morning's young beams.
The beauties of nature are sweeter than dreams,
Your downy bed leaving,
Go forth till the evening.
Its fragrant air breathes and the night warblers sing.


Allegro.
Be _ fore all lands in east or west, I
love my na _ tive land the best, With God's best gifts 'tis
teem _ ing; No gold nor jewels here are found. Yet
men of no _ ble souls abound, And eyes of joy are



2

Before all tongues in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best;
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art:
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken.

3

Before all people east or west,
I love my countrymen the best.
A race of noble spirit: –
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue trained, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

4

To all the world I give my hand,
My HEART I give my native land.
I seek her good, her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
But I love the land that bore me.

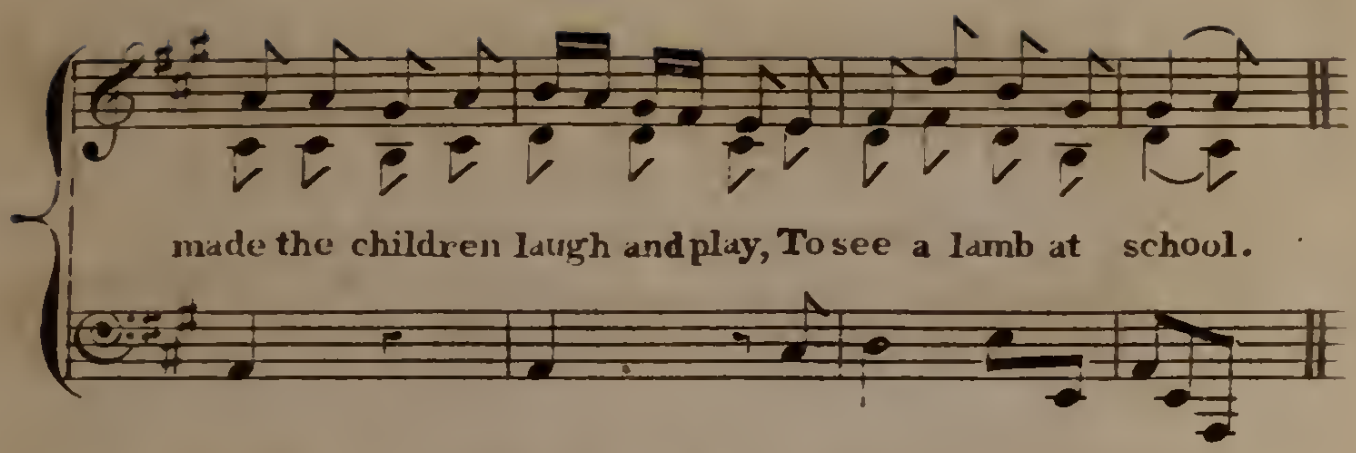
Allegro.

Mary had a lit_tle lamb, Its fleece was white as

snow, And ev'_ry where that Ma_ry went, The

lamb was sure to go; He followed her to

school one day _ That was a_gainst the rule, It



2

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm.

3

What makes th'lamb love Mary so?
The eager children cry—
'O Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply;—
'And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always *kind*.

THROUGH THE BUSHY FIELDS TO RUN.

Allegretto.

Coro.

Through the bushy fields to run, And to see the pleasant sun, And

Soli.

soft twi _ light Through the meadows and the grove. With my

Coro.

nimble feet to rove, Is my de _ light, Is my de _ light.

2

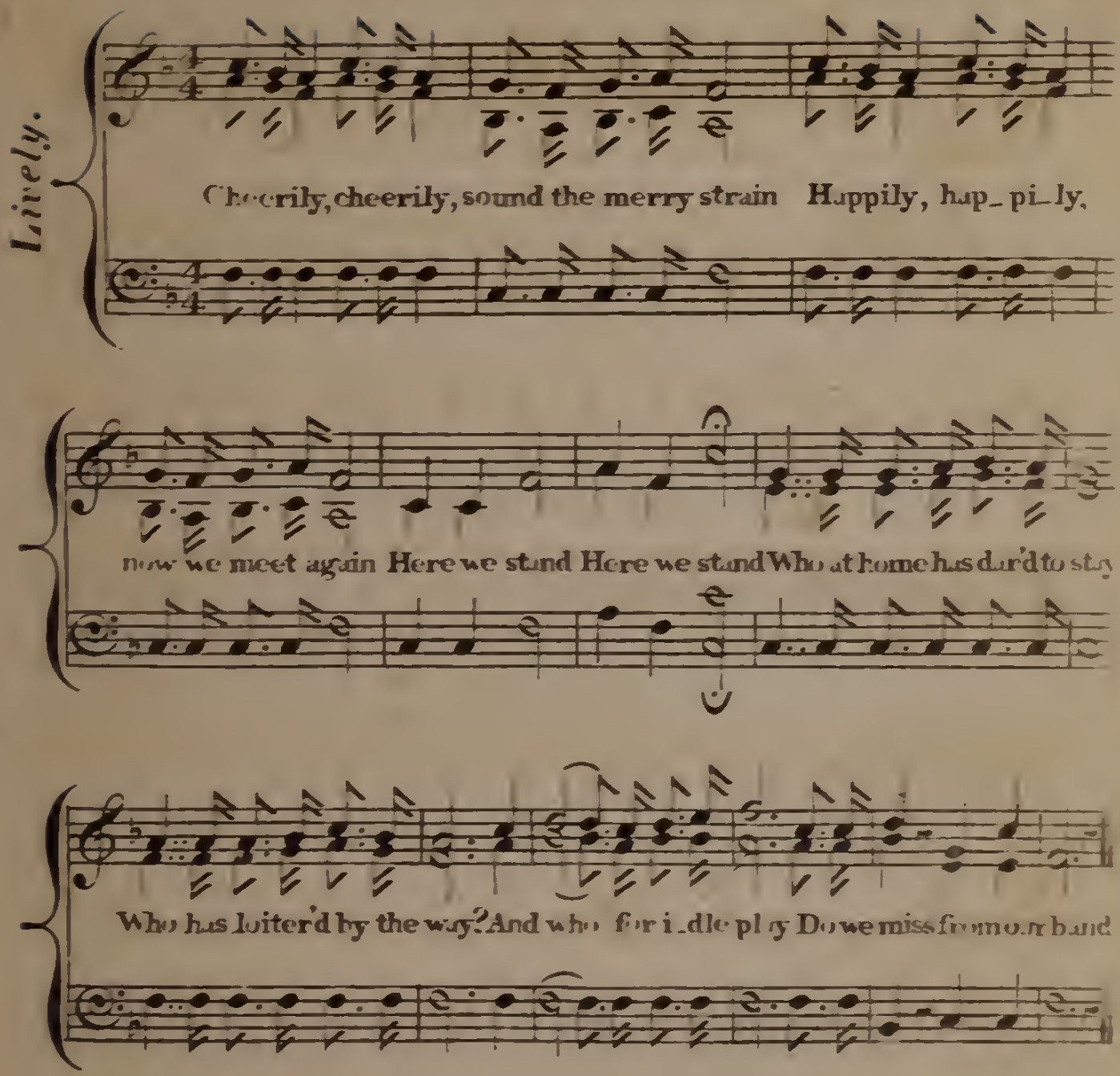
From the lofty hill to see
Sky serene and rolling sea,
And clouds of white:
And some pretty song to sing
While I hear the echo ring,
Is my delight.

3

When so happy and so gay
Mongst the lovely flowers I stray,
All fair and bright;
Then to pluck a rose for you
Fresh and sparkling with the dew,
Is my delight.

4

In the bower of shady trees,
Shaken by a gentle breeze,
When fades the light,
Little Robin there to hear,
Singing praises without fear,
Is my delight.



2

Cheerily, cheerily, sound the merry strain,
Happily, happily, now we meet again,
All are here; ‖:
All who love the morning's prime,
All who feel the worth of time,
So we'll sound the merry chime,
All are here! all are here!

THE PEAR TREE.

Cho.s

Andante.

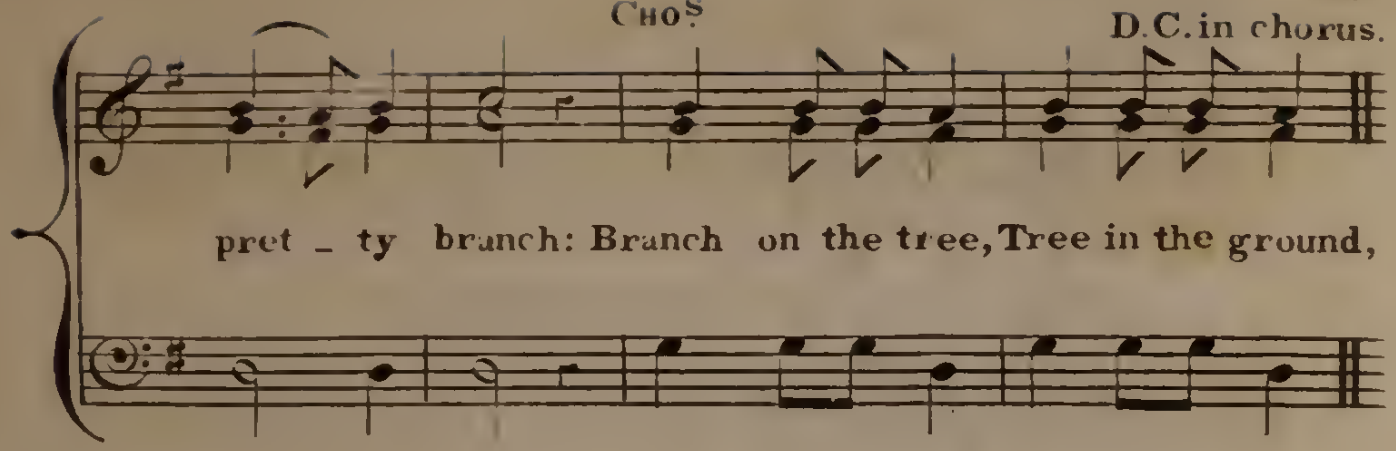
Out in a beautiful field, There stands a pretty

Solo 1st Voice.

pear-tree, pretty pear_tree with leaves: What

Solo 2d Voice.

is there on..... the tree? A ve _ ry



2

Solo 1.

What is there on the branch?

Solo 2.

A very pretty bough:

Coro.

Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

3

Solo 1

What is there on the bough?

Solo 2.

A very pretty nest:

Coro.

Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

4

Solo 1.

What is there in the nest?

Solo 2.

A very pretty egg:

Coro.

Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c

5

Solo 1.

What is there in the egg?

Solo 2.

A very pretty bird:

Coro.

Bird in the egg,
Egg in the nest,
Nest on the bough,
Bough on the branch,
Branch on the tree,
Tree in the ground,
Out in a beautiful field, &c.

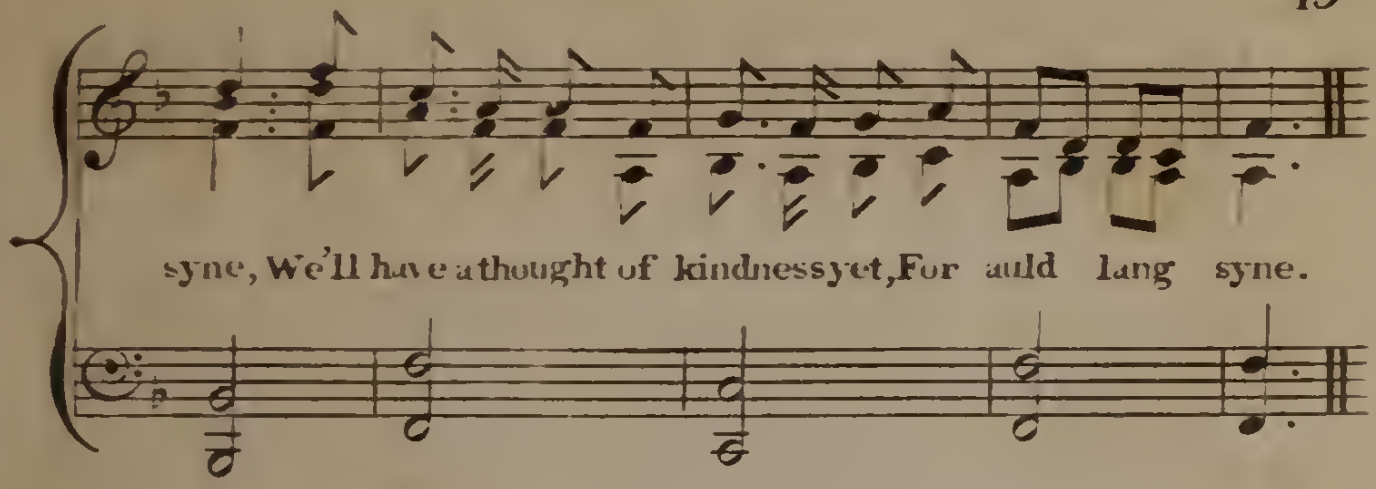
AULD LANG SYNE AT SCHOOL.

Andante.

Shall school acquaintance be forgot And never brought to

mind? Shall school acquaintance be forgot. And days of lang

syne? For auld lang syne at school, For auld lang



2

We oft have run about the fields
And culled the flowers fine;
We'll ne'er forget these hours, when they
Are auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

3

We oft have cheer'd each other's task,
From morn till day's decline,
But memory's night shall never rest
On auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

4

Then take the hand that now is warm,
Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

SEE, THE STARS ARE COMING.

Andantino.

See, the stars are coming In the fair blue skies.

Mother, look! they brighten; Are they angel's eyes?

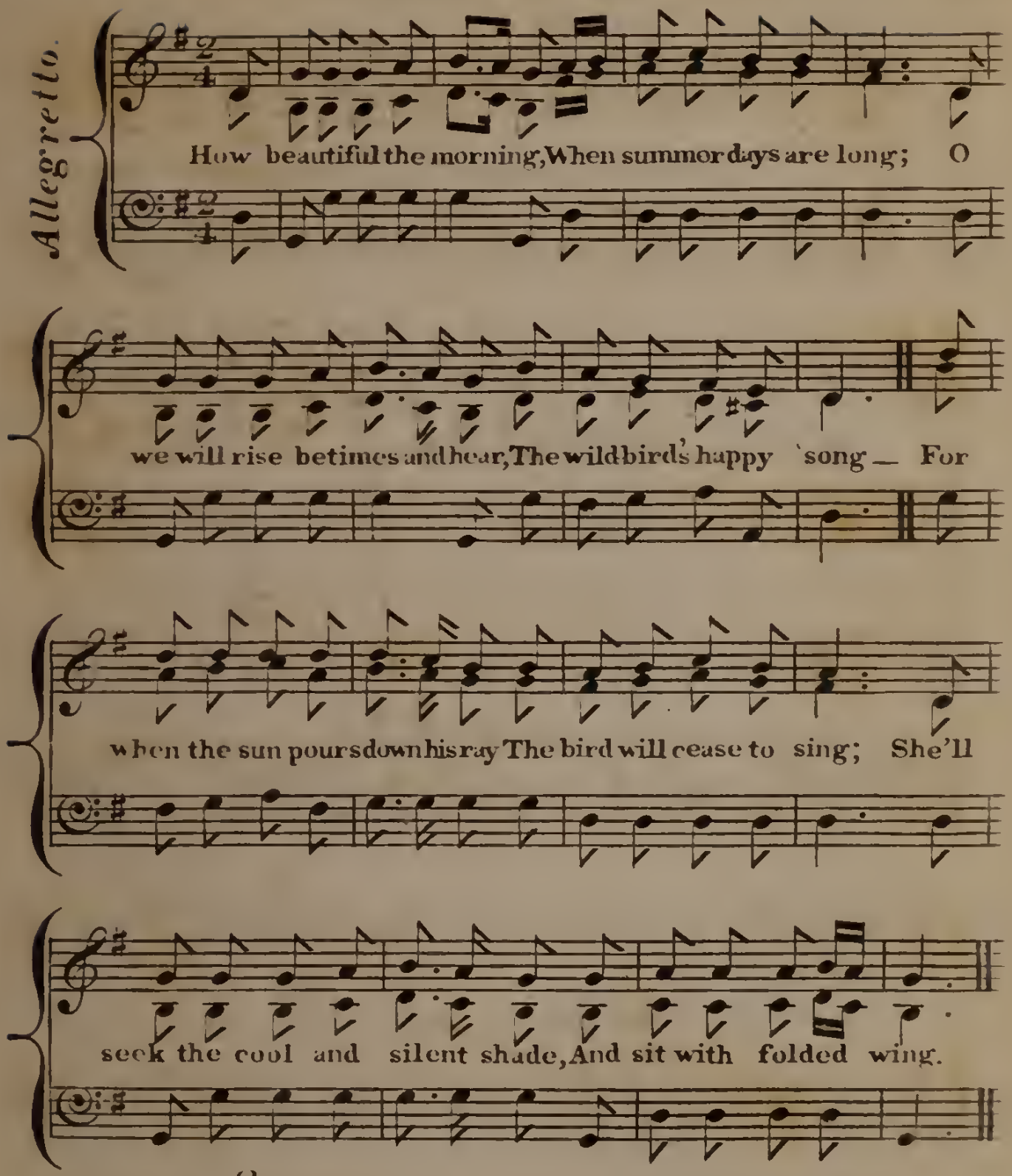
'No, my child the splendor of those stars is given,

Like the hues of flowers; By the Lord of heaven.

2

"Mother, if I study,
Sure he'll let me know
Why those stars he lighted
O'er our earth to glow."

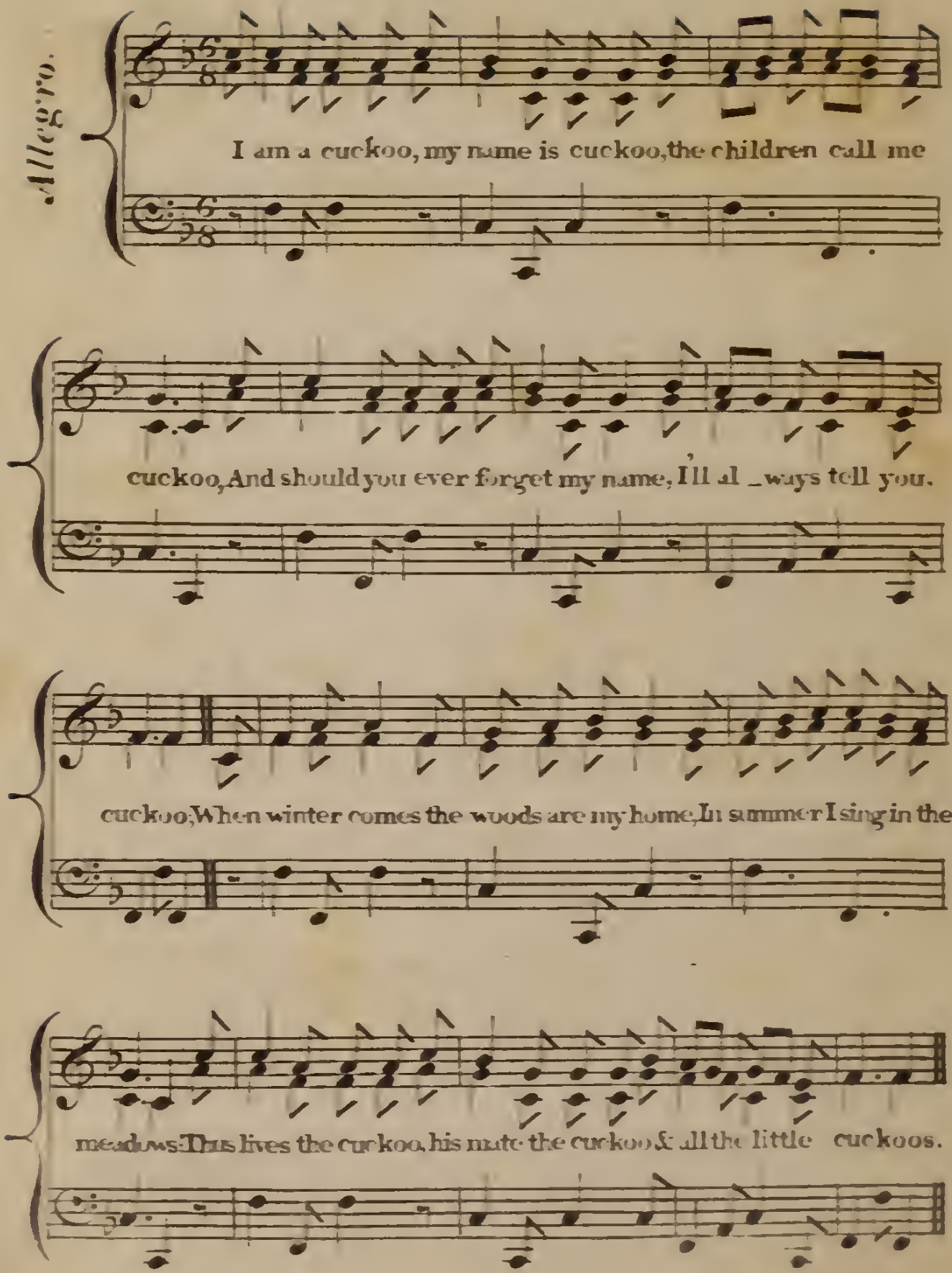
"Child, what God has finished
Has a glorious aim;
Thine it is to worship,
Thine to love his name."

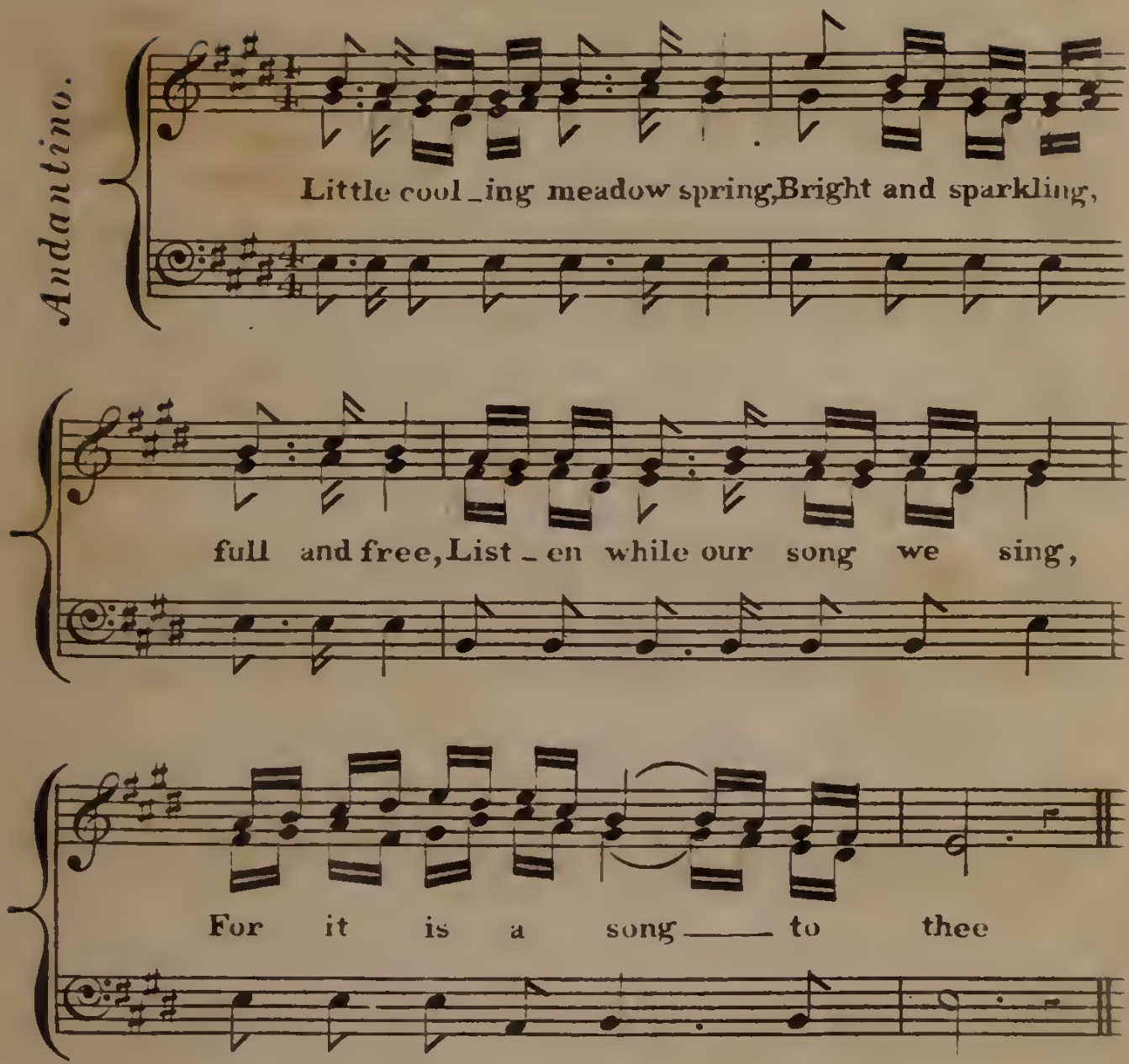


2

Up in the morning early—
Tis nature's gayest hour!
While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
And fragrance fills the flowers—

Up in the morning early,
And we will bound abroad
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.


Allegro.
I am a cuckoo, my name is cuckoo, the children call me
cuckoo, And should you ever forget my name, I'll al _ ways tell you.
cuckoo; When winter comes the woods are my home, In summer I sing in the
meadows: Thus lives the cuckoo, his mate the cuckoo & all the little cuckoos.



2

Oft we wander to thy brink,
Faint and thirsty from our play;
And we gather as we drink,
Strength and vigor for the day.

3

Often on thy border green,
Plucking flow'rs, we sit and rest;
When we rise, ourselves are seen,
Pictured on thy glassy breast.

4

Many joys to thee we owe,
Silver fountain, cool and clear,
In thy cheerful stream we throw
Every care and every fear.

5

We are passing, like thy wave,
Onward to our final home:
We shall slumber in the grave,
But there is a heaven to come.

Allegro.

Across the Lake, Through bush and brake, Resounds the bugle

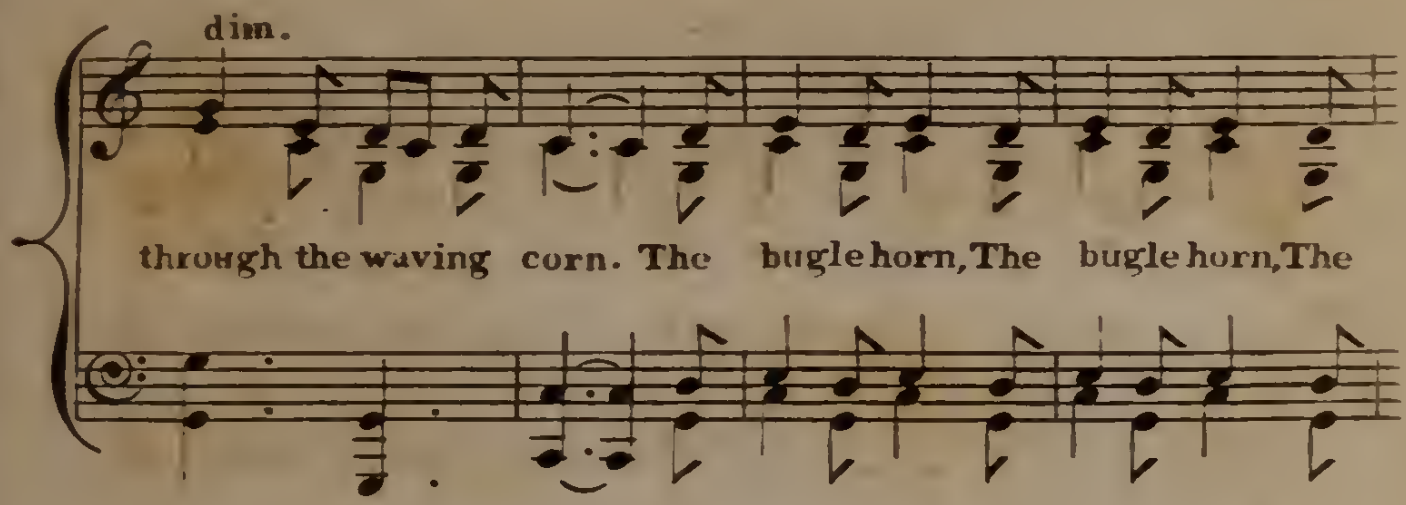
p

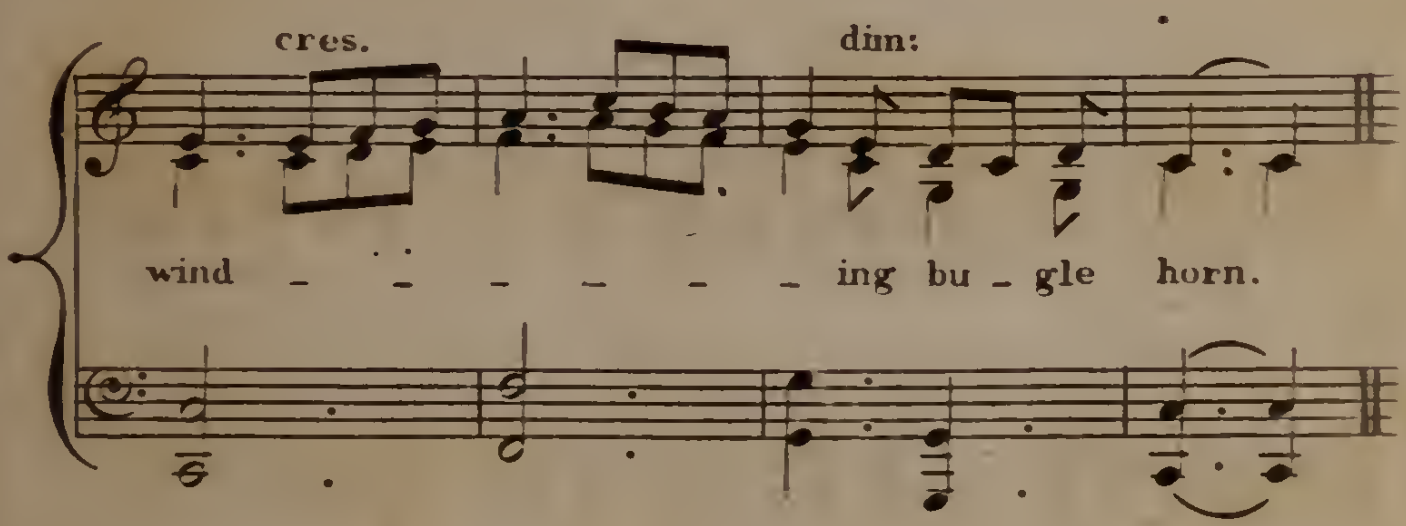
horn, Resounds the bugle horn, O'er hill and vale The

p

cres. *mf*

echoes sail, And through the wav_ing corn, ___ And





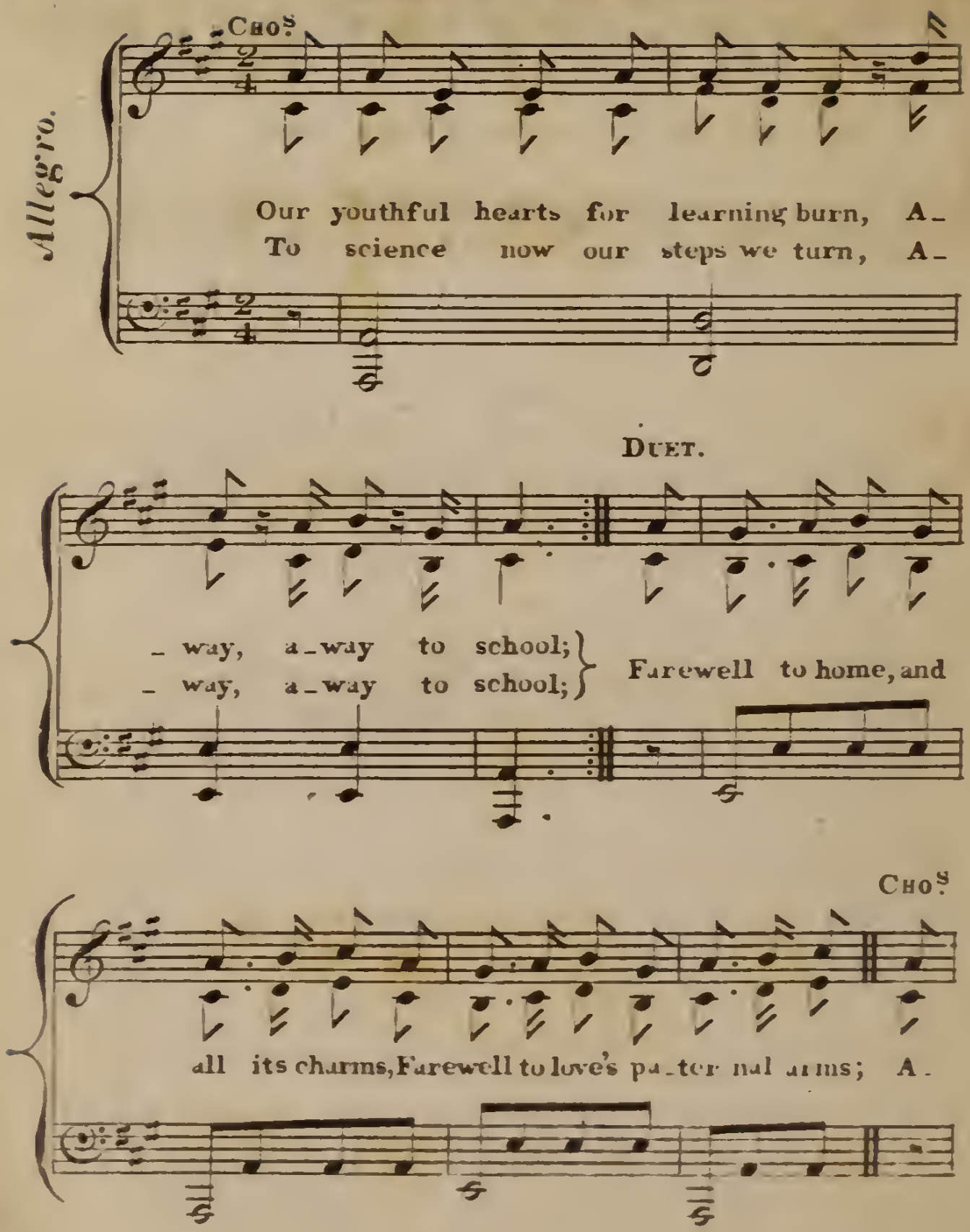
2

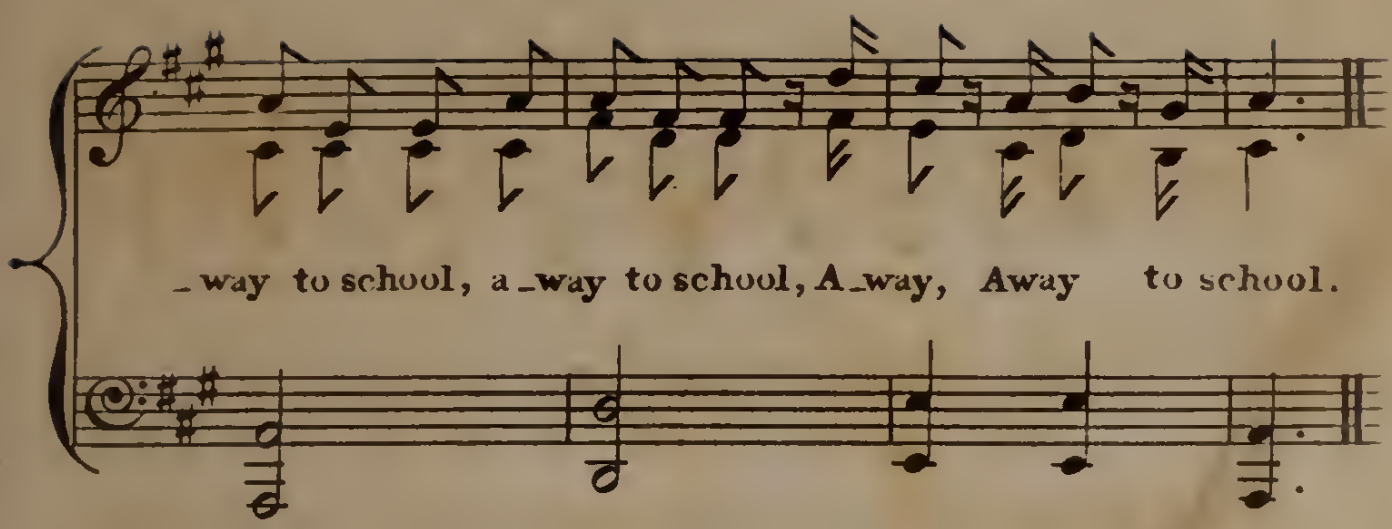
The sky is clear
The flowers appear
On every side so gay,
The brook flows by,
So merrily
Along its pebbly way.
The bugle horn, &c.

3

The echoes flow
As on we go
Through forest vale and lawn;
And far and near,
Again we hear
The winding bugle horn.
The bugle horn, &c.

AWAY TO SCHOOL.



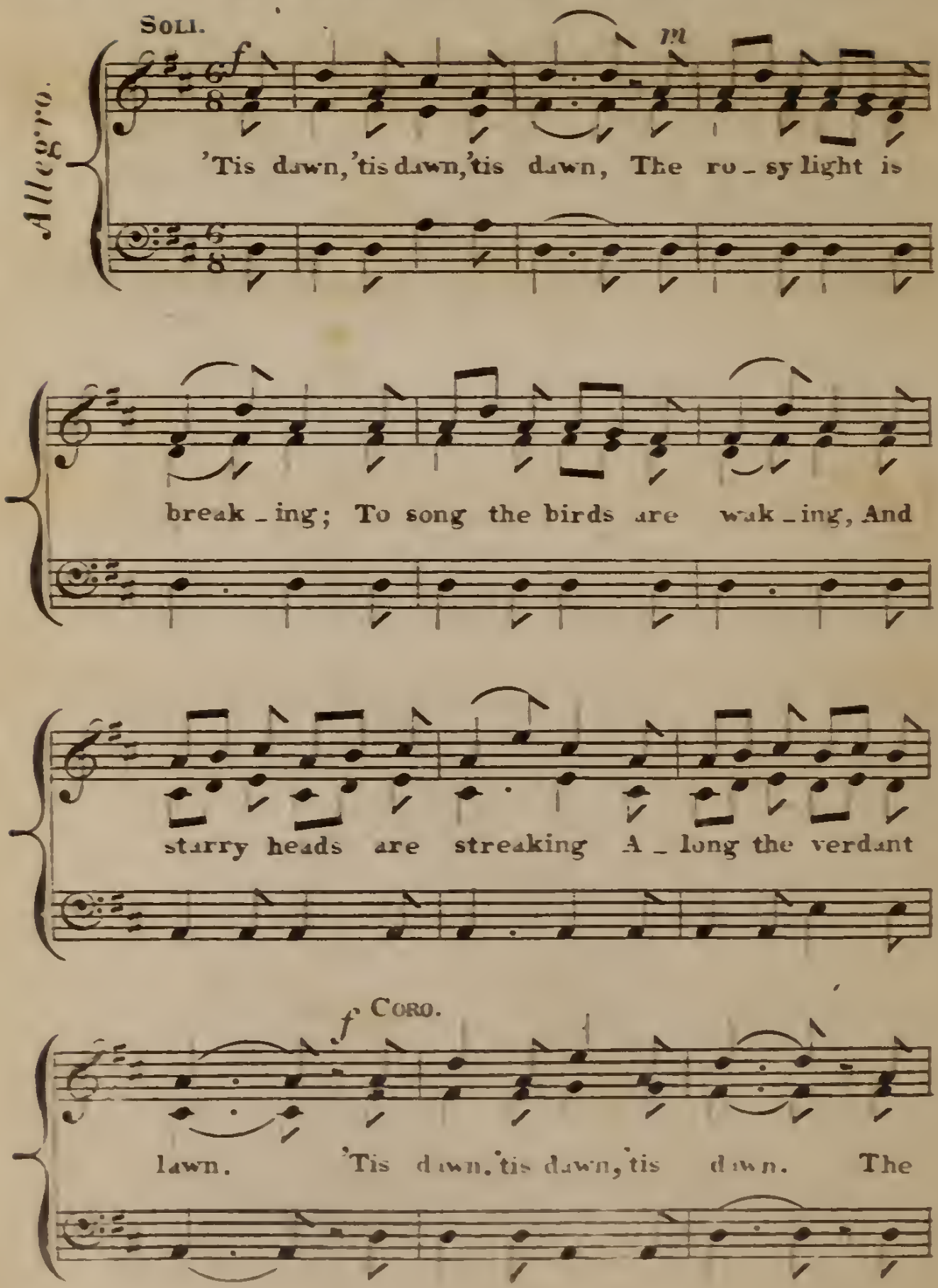


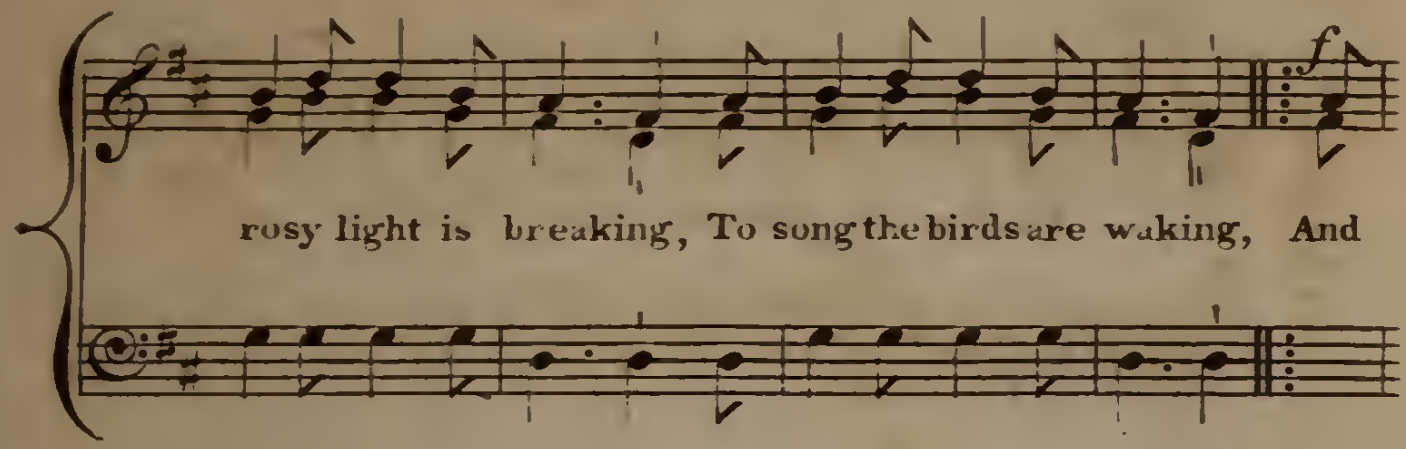
2

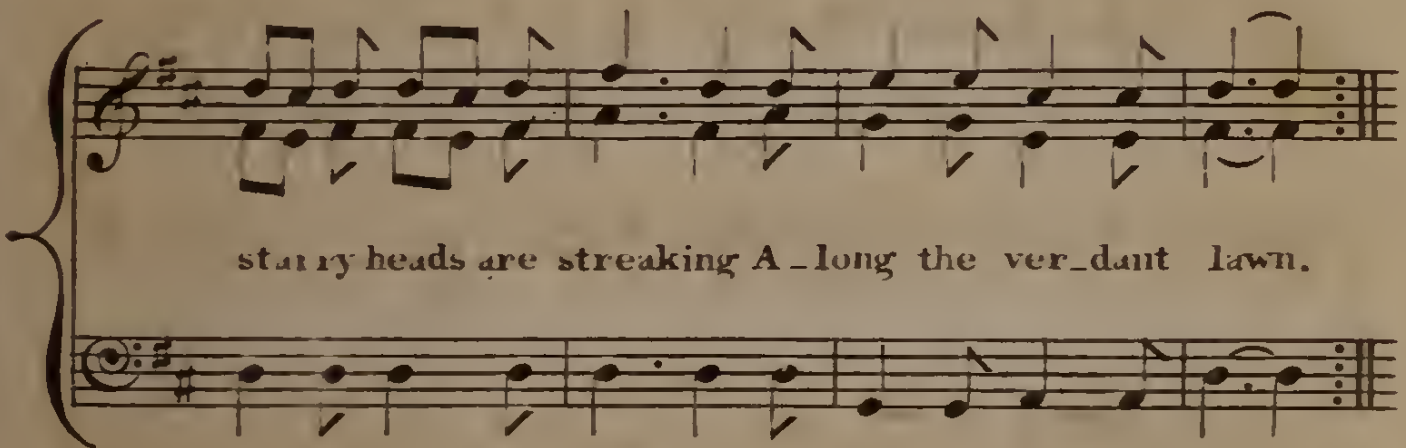
Behold! a happy band appears,
Away, away to school.
The shout of joy now fills our ears,
Away, away to school.
Our voices ring, our hands we wave,
Our hearts rebound with vigor brave,
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.

3

No more we walk, no more we play,
Away, away to school,
In study now we spend the day,
Away, away to school.
United in a peaceful band,
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.


Soli.
Allegro.
f
m
'Tis dawn, 'tis dawn, 'tis dawn, The ro_sy light is
break_ing; To song the birds are wak_ing, And
starry heads are streaking A_long the verdant
f Coro.
lawn. 'Tis dawn, 'tis dawn, 'tis dawn. The





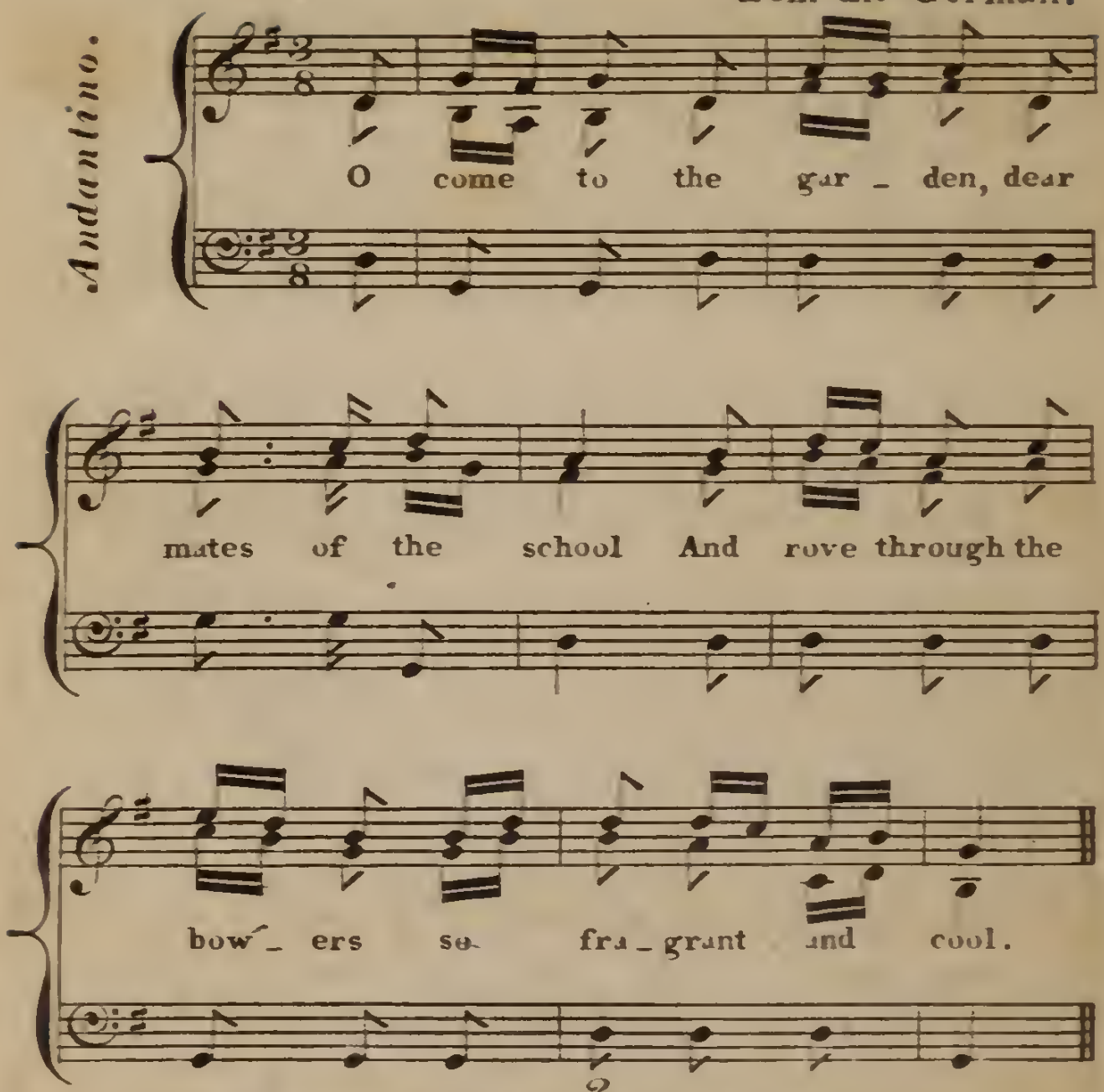
2

'Tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis noon,
Blue rise the hills before me,
Blue smiles the azure o'er me,
And radiant blossoms pour me,
  The balmy breath of June.
'Tis noon, &c.

3

'Tis night, 'tis night, 'tis night,
The world now hushed and still,
Dim towers the shadowy hill,
Earth's guardian spirits fill
  Their ways with softer light.
'Tis night, &c.

from the German.



2

We'll gather the lily and jessamine fair,
And twine them with roses to garland our hair.

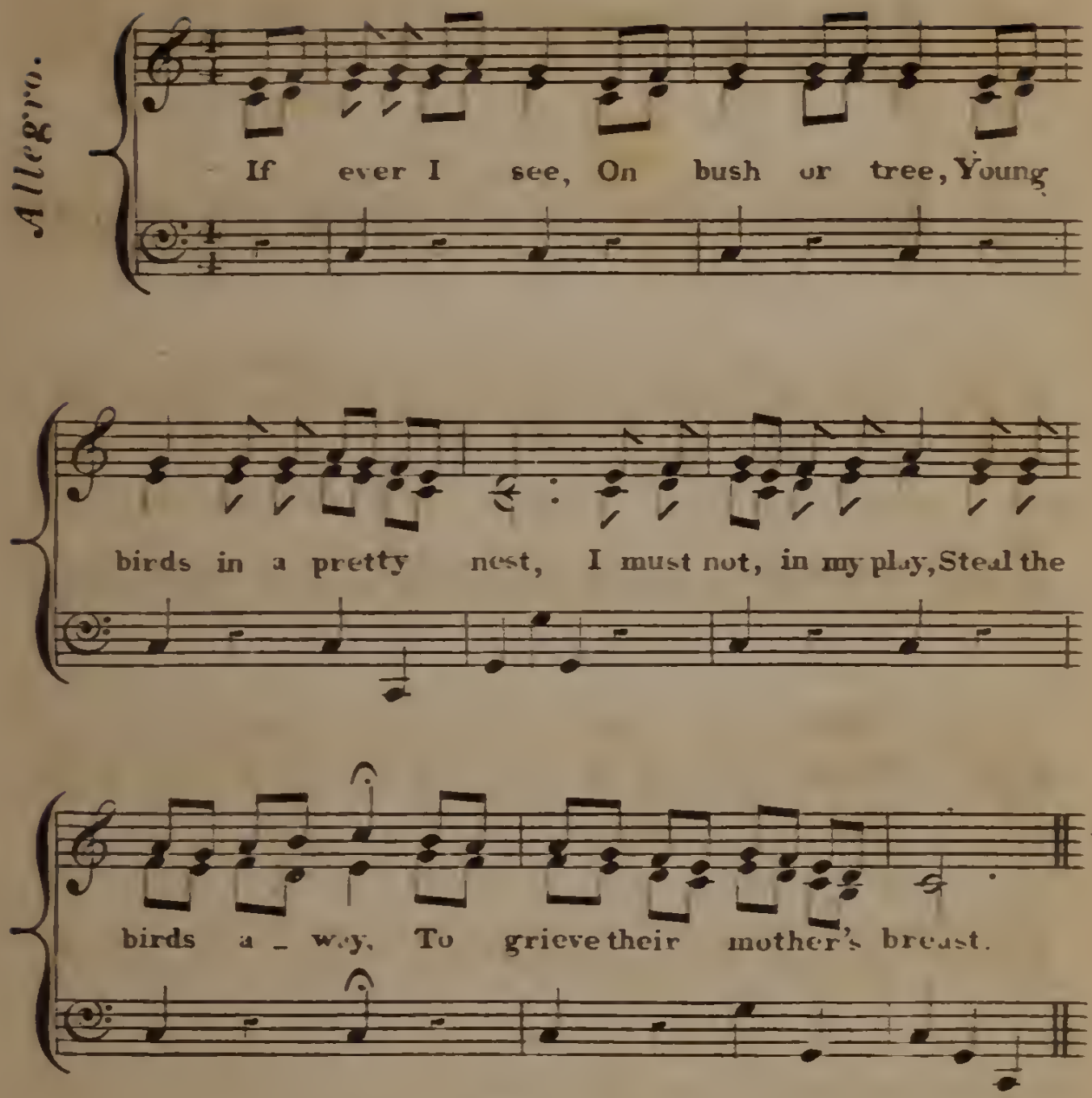
3

We'll cull all the sweetest to make a bouquet,
To give to our teacher this warm summer day.

4

Then hie to our school room with joy and with glee,
And sing our sweet ballads, so happy are we.

THE BIRD'S NEST.



2

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away,
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

THE PLEASING SPRING.

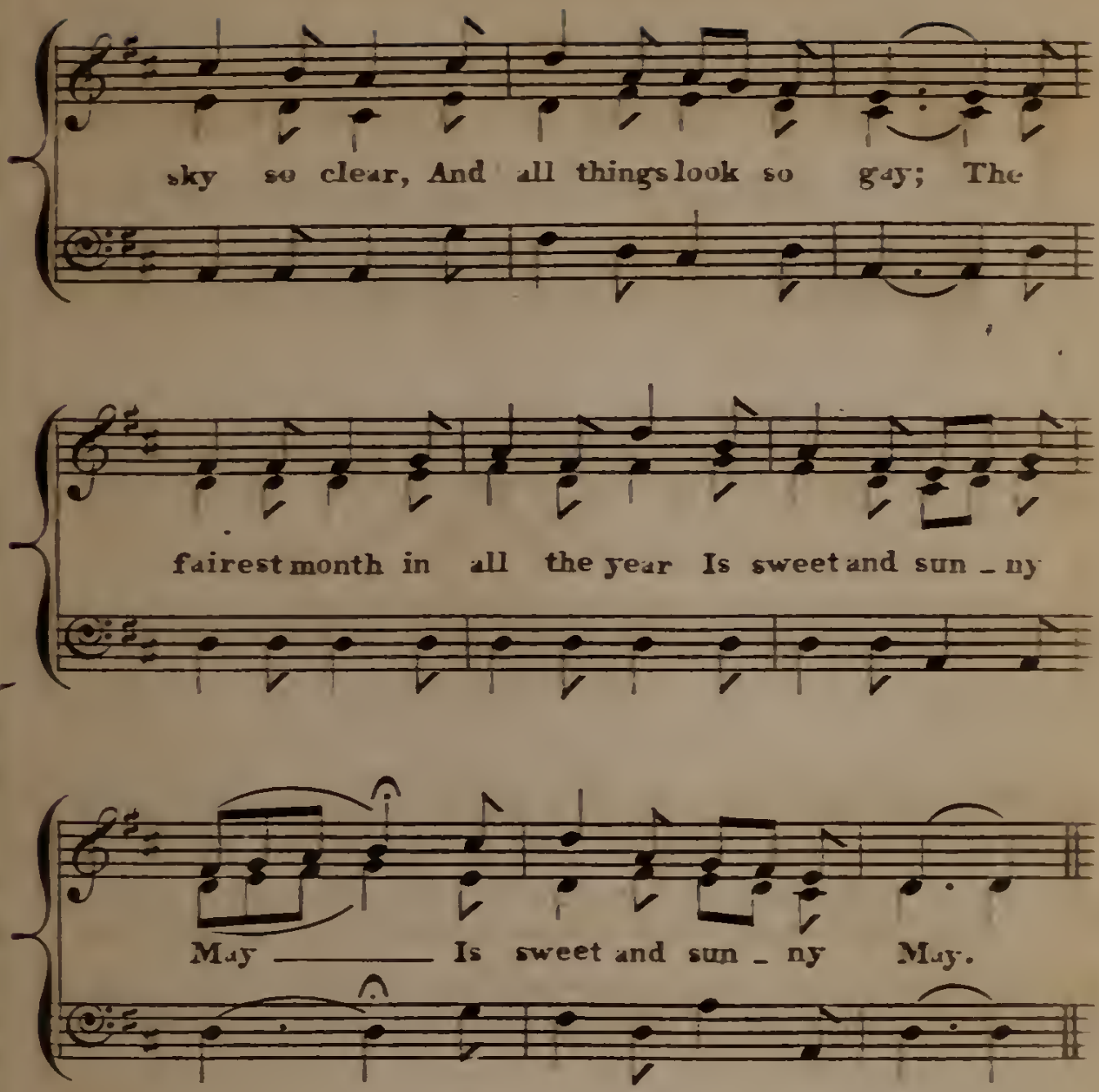
Andantino.

The plea_sant Spring has come a_gain, The

pret_ty birds are here; The grass grows in the

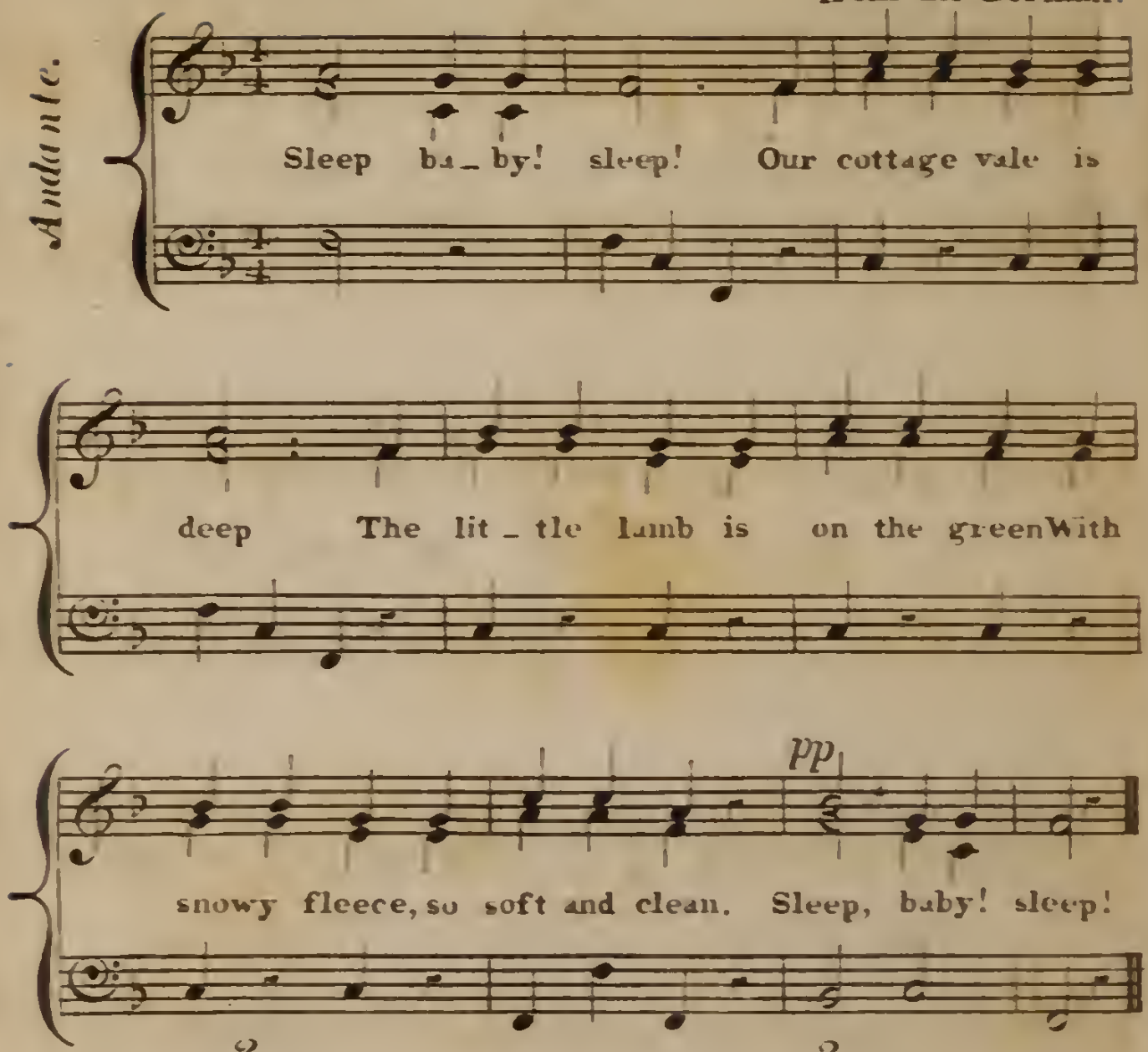
gen_tle rain, And buds and flow'rs ap_pear And

buds and flow'rs ap_pear. I love to see the



And well I know the cold deep snow
  And winter storms are past;
Now merrily to school I'll go,
  Nor fear the chilling blast.
I love the sun the gentle wind,
  And bird, and flower, and bud,
And well I love my teacher kind,
  But best I love my God.

from the German.



2

Sleep, baby! sleep!
I would not, would not weep;
The little lamb he never cries,
And bright and happy are his eyes.
Sleep, baby! sleep!

3

Sleep, baby! sleep!
Near where the woodbines creep
Be always like the lamb, so mild,
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child:
Sleep baby! sleep!

4

Sleep, baby! sleep!
Thy rest shall angels keep:
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need.
Sleep baby! sleep!

from the German.

Andantino.

Charming lit_tle val _ ley, Smiling all so

gai _ ly, Like an angel's brow; Spreading out thy

treasures, Calling us to pleasures, In nocent as thou.

2

Skies are bright above thee,
Peace and quiet love thee,
Tranquil little dell;
In thy fragrant bowers
Twining wreaths of flowers,
Love and friendship dwell.

3

May our spirits daily
Be like thee, sweet valley,
Tranquil and serene;
Emblem to us given
Of the vales of heaven,
Ever bright and green.

CHILDREN GO TO AND FRO.

Semi Chorus of small scholars.

Lively.

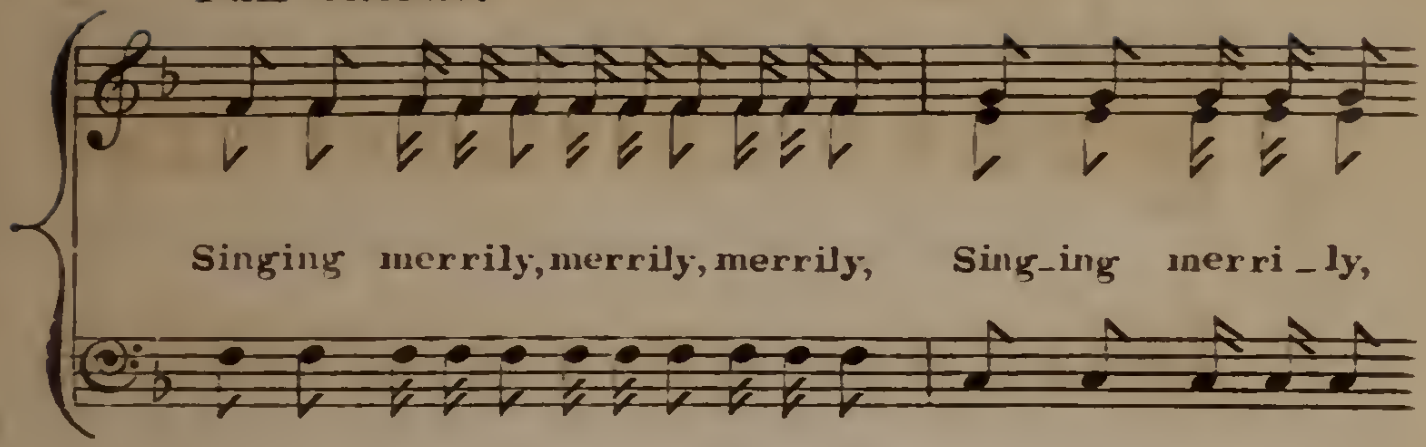
Children go to and fro, In a merry, pretty row;

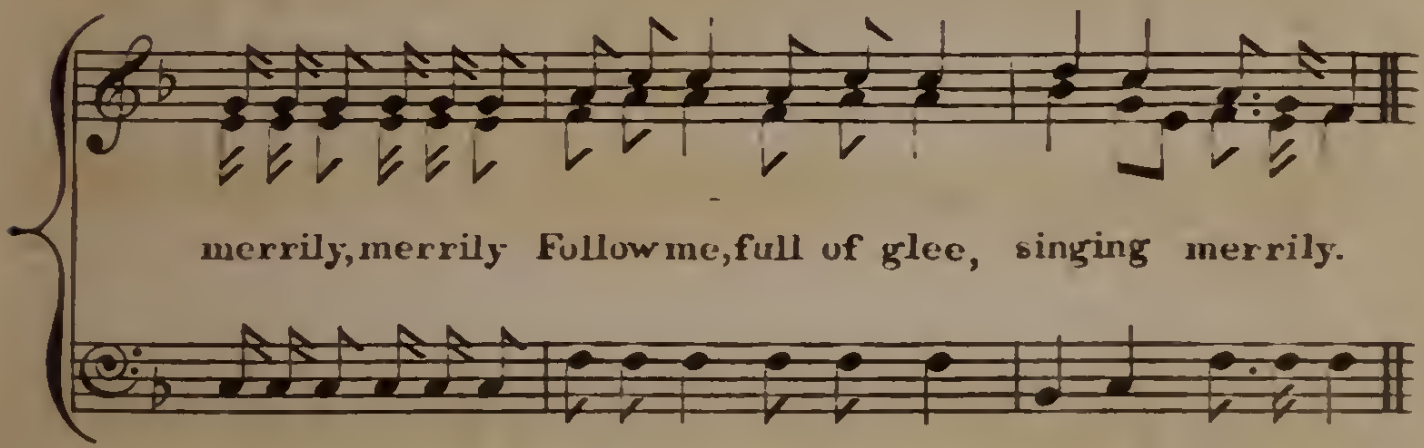
Footsteps light, Fa_ces bright, 'Tis a happy, happy sight,

Swiftly turning round and round, Do not look upon the ground;

Follow me, Full of glee, Singing mer_ri_ly,

Full Chorus.





2

Birds are free,
So are we,
And we live as happily;
Work we do,
Study too,
Learning daily something new;
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as birds or any thing.
Follow me, &c.

3

Work is done,
Play's begun,
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty naughty ways;
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a cheerful happy band.
Follow me, &c.

SUMMER SONG.

Lively.

Cho.s Solo.

1. Come come come The summer now is here Come
2. Come come come The summer now is here Come

out among the flowers, And make some pretty bowers.
cull the sweetest posies, The vi _ o _ lets and roses.

Cho.s

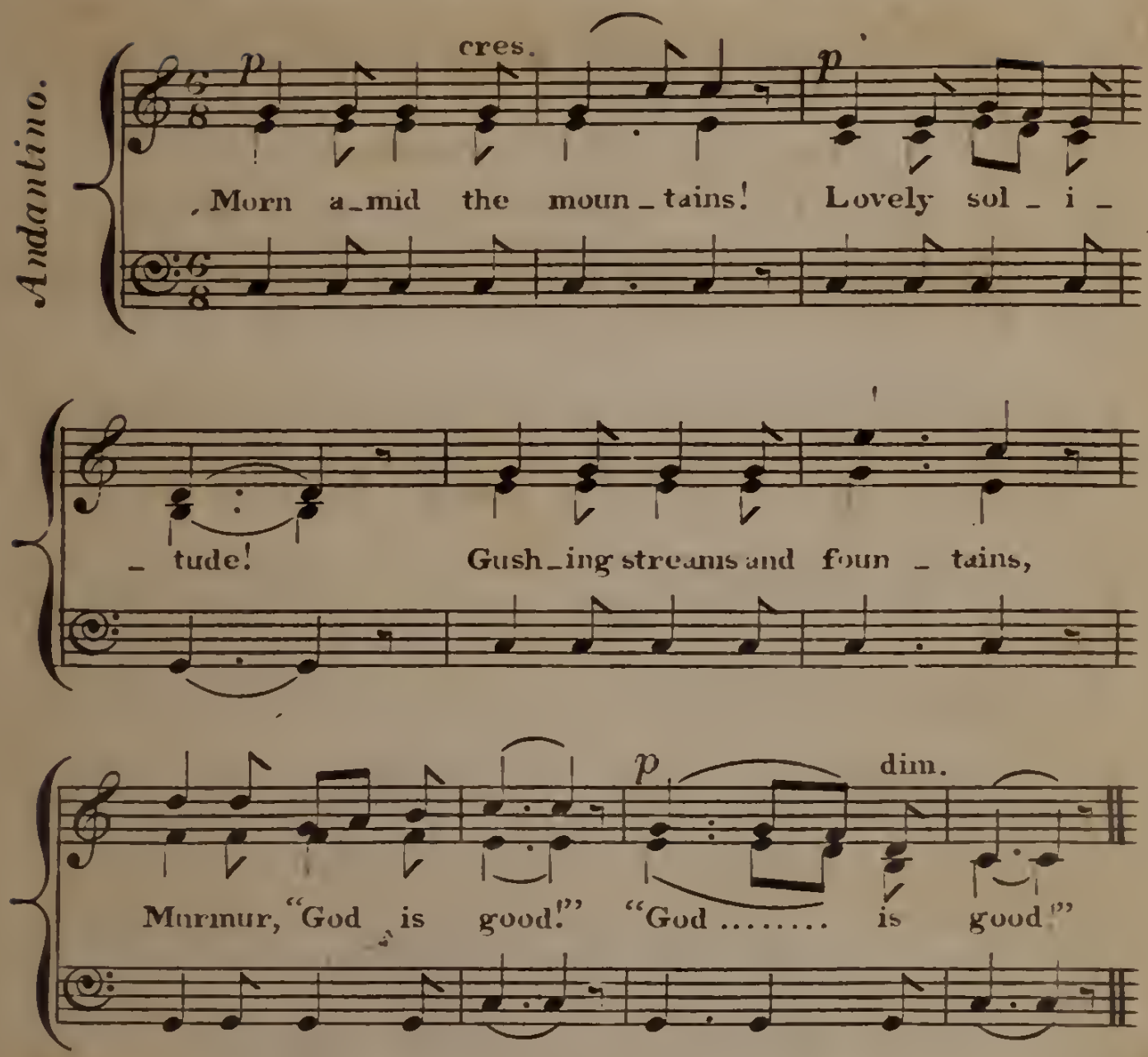
Come, come, come, The summer now is here.
Come, come, come, The summer now is here.

3

Come, come, come,
The summer now is here,
Come ramble in the bushes,
And hear the merry thrushes
Come come come,
The summer now is here.

4

Come, come, come,
The summer now is here,
Come out among the flowers,
And make some pretty bowers.
Come come come,
The summer now is here.



2

Now the glad sun breaking
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking
Echo "God is good!"

3

Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood_
Songsters sweetly singing
Warble "God is good!"

4

Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued!
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, oh God is good.

BUGLE SONG.

Allegretto.

cres.

How sweet the sound When woods around Have

dim.

heard the pealing horn: From bush and brake The echoes wake, And

f *pp*

hail the wel_come morn! *come morn,-come morn.*

2

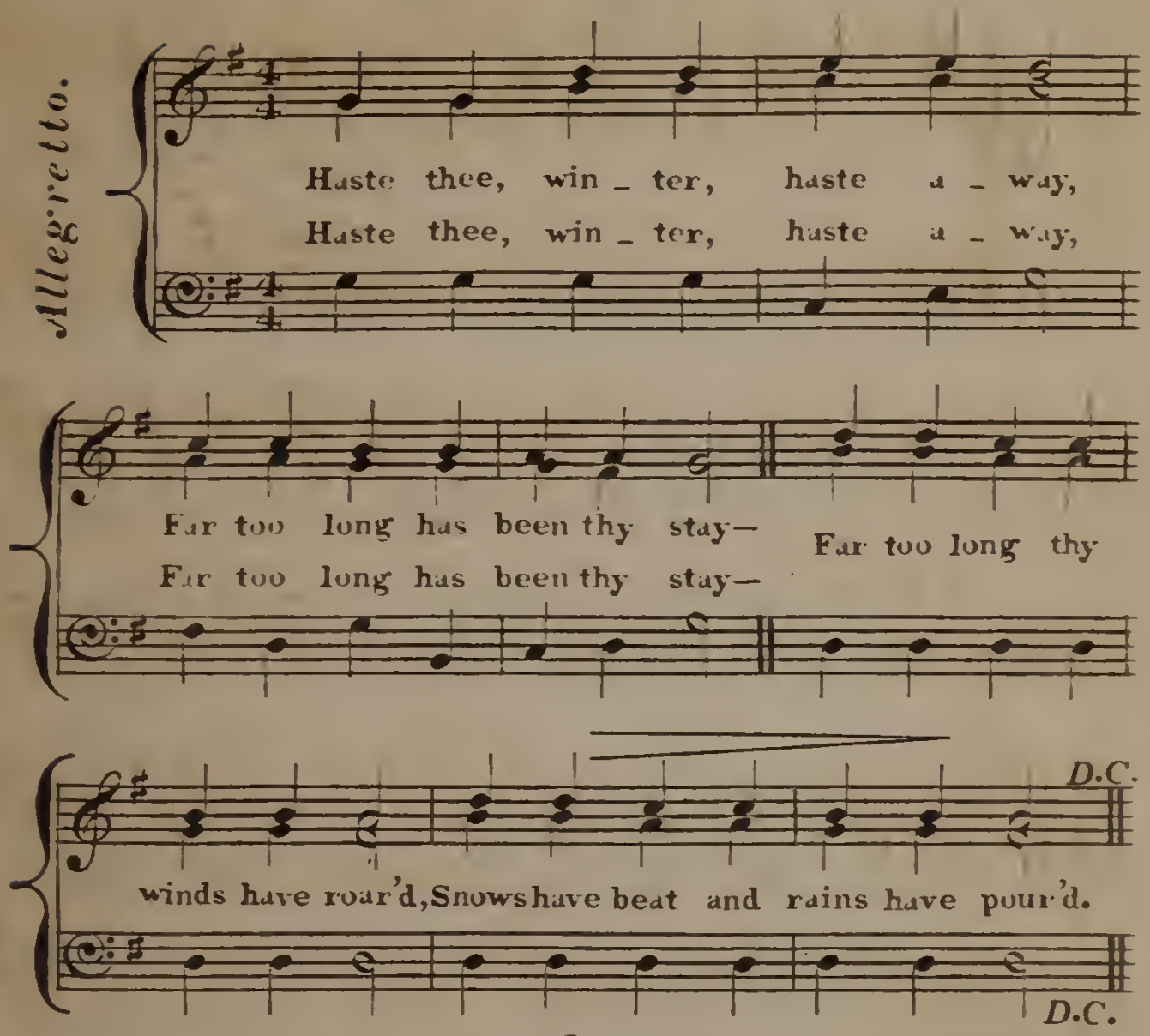
Each heart beats high
And gleams each eye,
At every welcome tone:
Like mist that flies
From morning skies,
All sorrow now is *gone!*

3

How bright the trees;
How fresh the breeze!
How golden bright the day;
The sparkling rill
Goes murmuring still,
Through woodlands far *away.*

Oh, sweet the sound
When woods around
Have heard the pealing horn;
From bush and brake
The echoes wake,
And hail the welcome *morn!*

HASTE THEE, WINTER, HASTE AWAY.



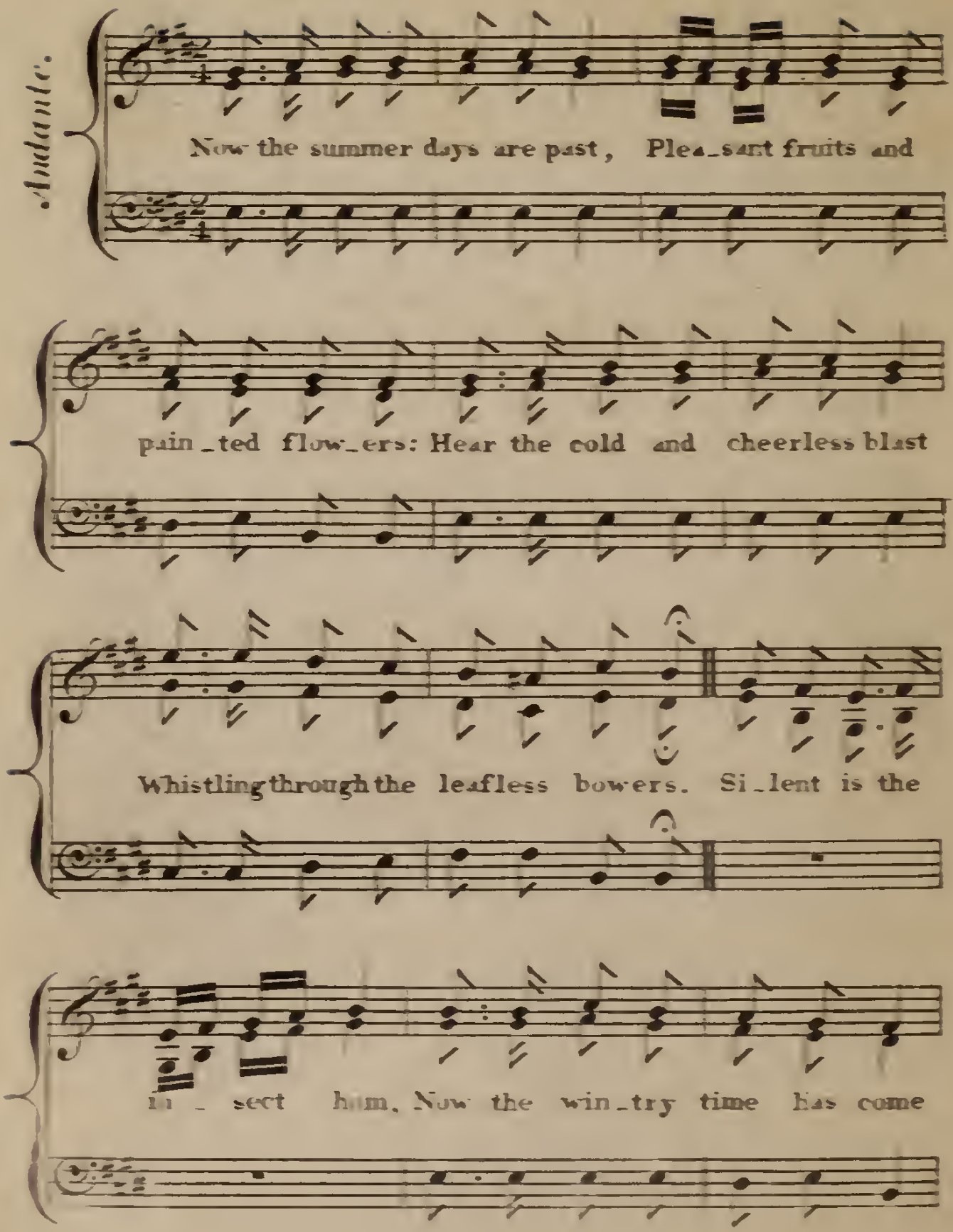
2

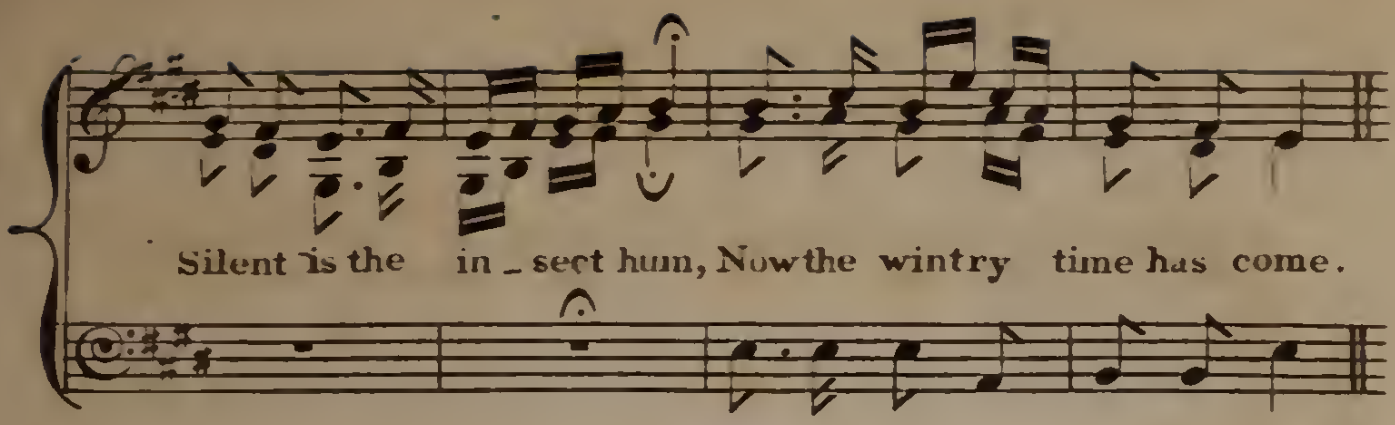
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let me feel the spring-tide ray;
Let the fields be green again;
Quickly end thy dreary reign.
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.

3

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Let the spring come, bright and gay;
Let thy chilling breezes flee,
Dreary winter, haste from me.
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.

WINTER SONG.


Andante.
Now the summer days are past, Plea_sant fruits and
pain_ted flow_ers: Hear the cold and cheerless blast
Whistling through the leafless bowers. Si_lent is the
in_sect hum, Now the win_try time has come



2

Short and gloomy are the days;
Oft the storm roars round our dwelling;
How the snow fills up the ways!
List the winds, of sorrow telling;
Telling of the shivering poor,
O what hardships they endure!

3

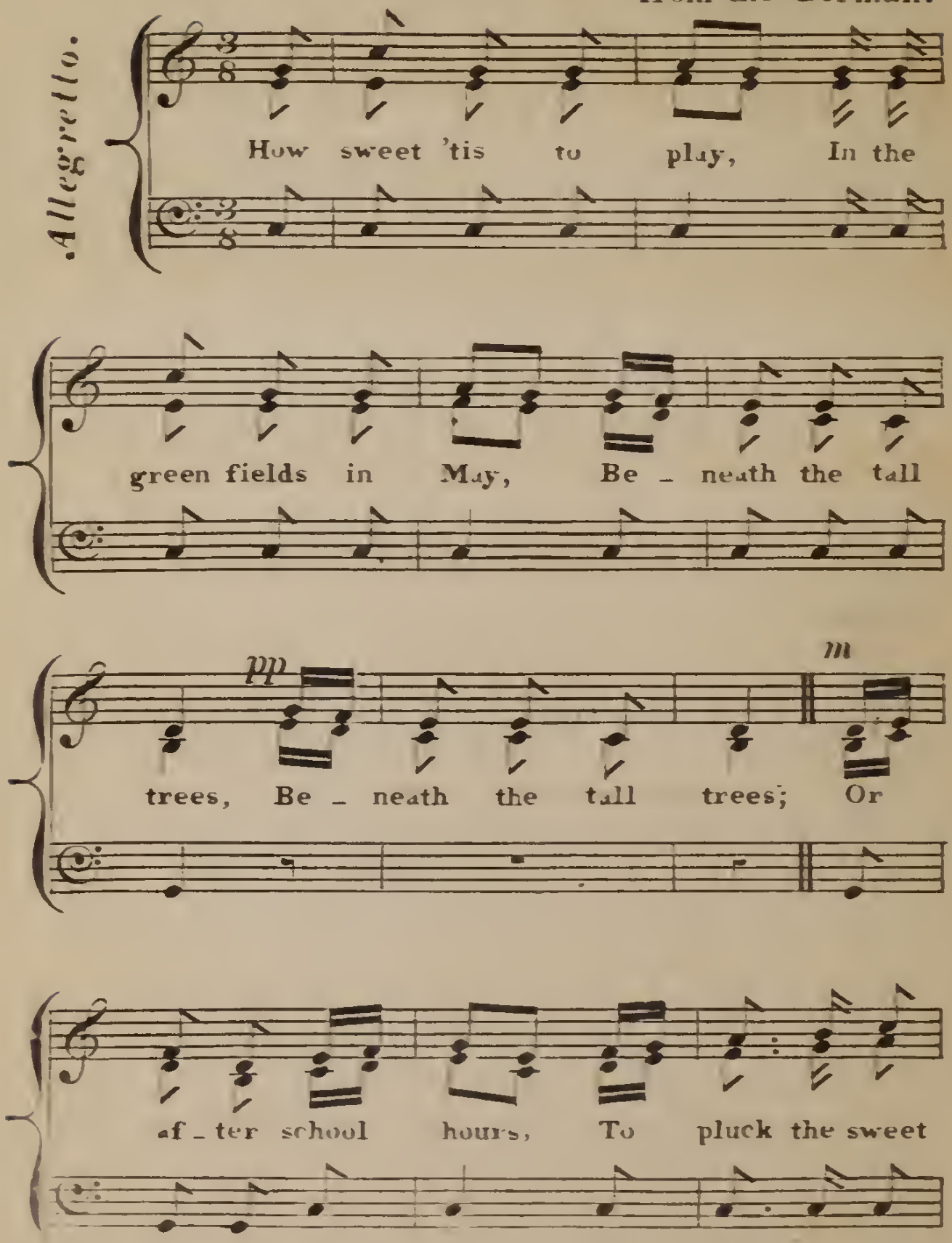
Come around the pleasant fire,
See how sprightly it is burning!
Evening lights the tall church spire;
All are to their homes returning:
Let us try to spend it well,
Till we hear its closing bell.

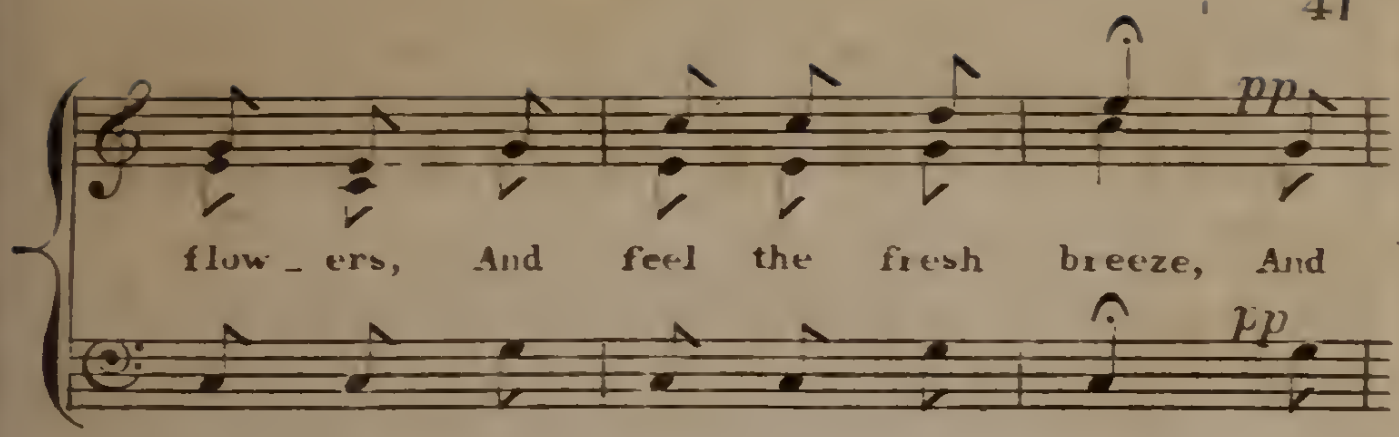
4

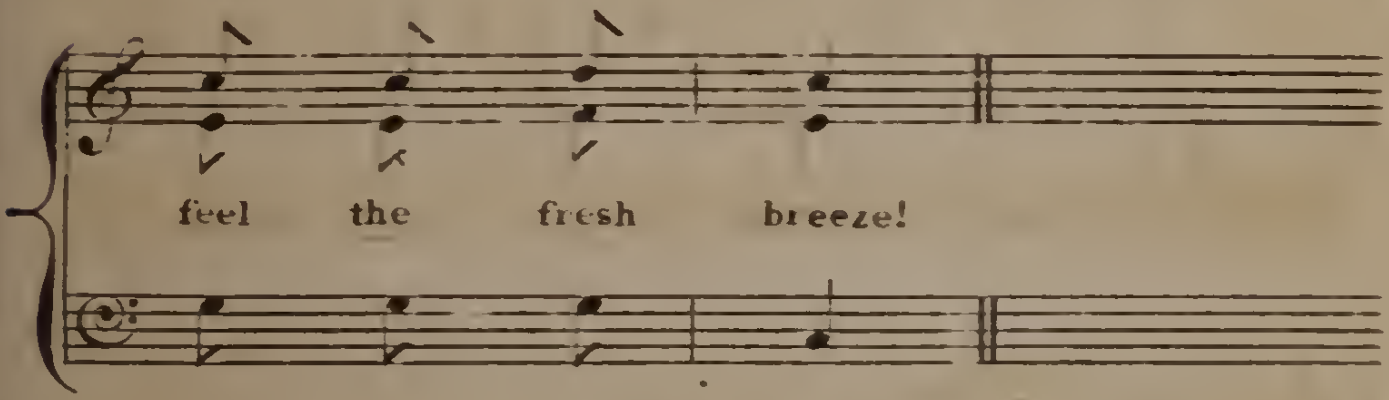
Soon the spring of life will end:
Fast our youthful days are flying!
To the grave our footsteps tend,
Where the frozen snows are lying,
Father when our age is past,
O receive our souls at last.

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO PLAY.

from the German.







2

How pleasant to look
In the murmuring brook,
And hear its soft sound!
How happy are we!
How nimble and free
We run o'er the ground.

3

Now gone is the light,
Quickly comes the dark night,
All still is the vale:
We'll go to our rest,
Nor wake till red-breast
Renews his soft tale.

PLEASURES OF INNOCENCE.

Coro from the German.

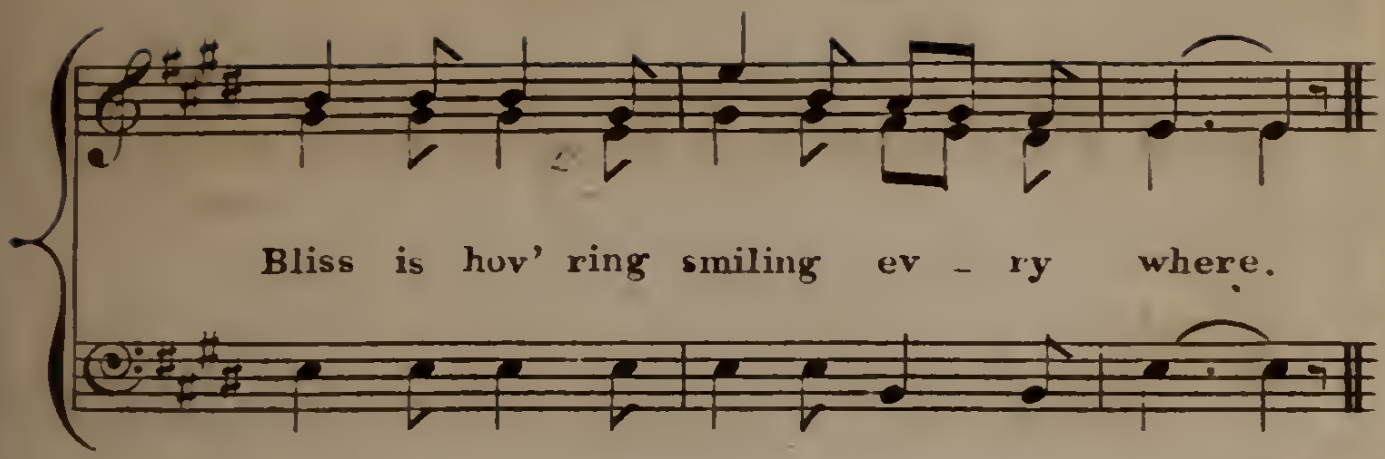
Allegretto.

Bliss is hov' ring smi_ling ev _ ry

Soli.

where, Hov'ring o'er the verdant mountain,

Smil _ ing in the glas _ sy foun _ tain,



2

Innocence unseen is ever near;
In the tall tree top it lingers,
In the nest of feathered singers;
Innocence unseen is ever near.

3

Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near;
From the green bank deck'd with flowers,
Sunny hills and pleasant bowers;—
Pleasure echoes—echoes—far and near.

4

Up—and weave us now a flowery crown;
See the blossoms all unfolding,
Each its beauteous station holding;—
Up—and weave us now a flowery crown.

5

Go ye forth and join the May-day throng;
Sings the Cuckoo by the river,
In the breeze the young leaves quiver;—
Go ye forth and join the May-day throng.

COME SOUND THE MERRY TABOR!

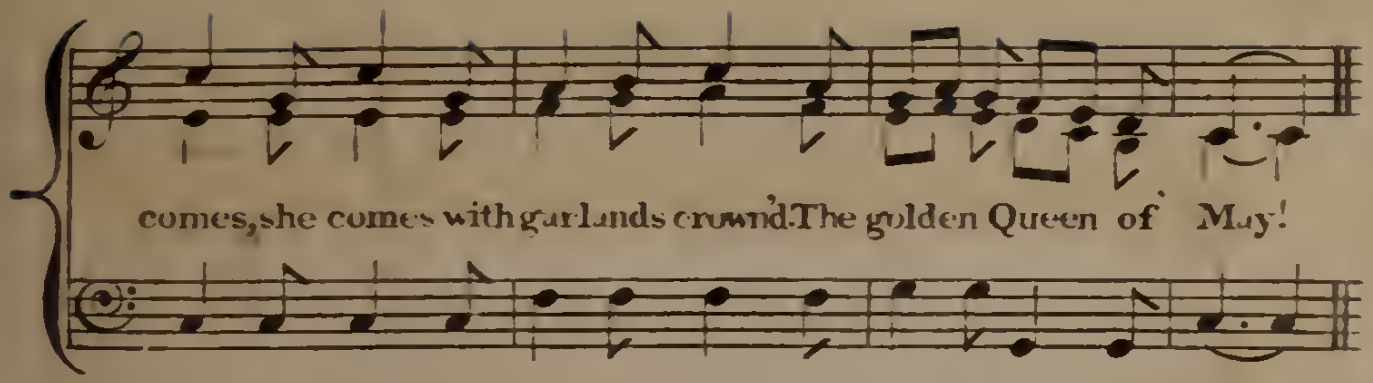
Solo or Duet.

Allegro.

Come sound the merry tabor! sound The call to sport and play! She comes, she comes with garlands crown'd, The golden Queen of May!

Chorus.

Come, sound the mer_ry ta_bor! sound The call to sport and play! She



2

She clothes the groves in glittering green,
She smiles on hill and plain;
And mantling all her paths is seen,
A rosy blooming train.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

3

Her gentle breath inspires the air,
And breathes soft music round,
It gives the flowers a fragrance fair,
The groves a silvery sound.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

4

She strows her flowers along the heath,
And up the mountain side,
A glittering carpet spreads beneath,
And fairy footsteps glide.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c.

5

Beneath her soft enchanting hand,
Old wrinkled care retires;
She mildly moves her magic wand,
And harmless joy inspires.
Then sound the merry tabor, &c

HAIL! ALL HAIL! THOU MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

from the German.

Allegro.

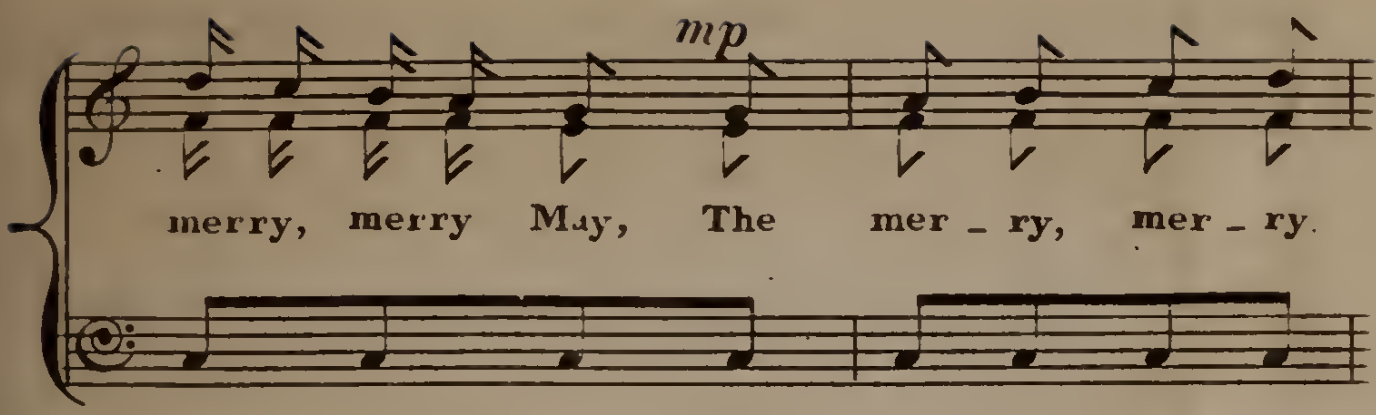
f

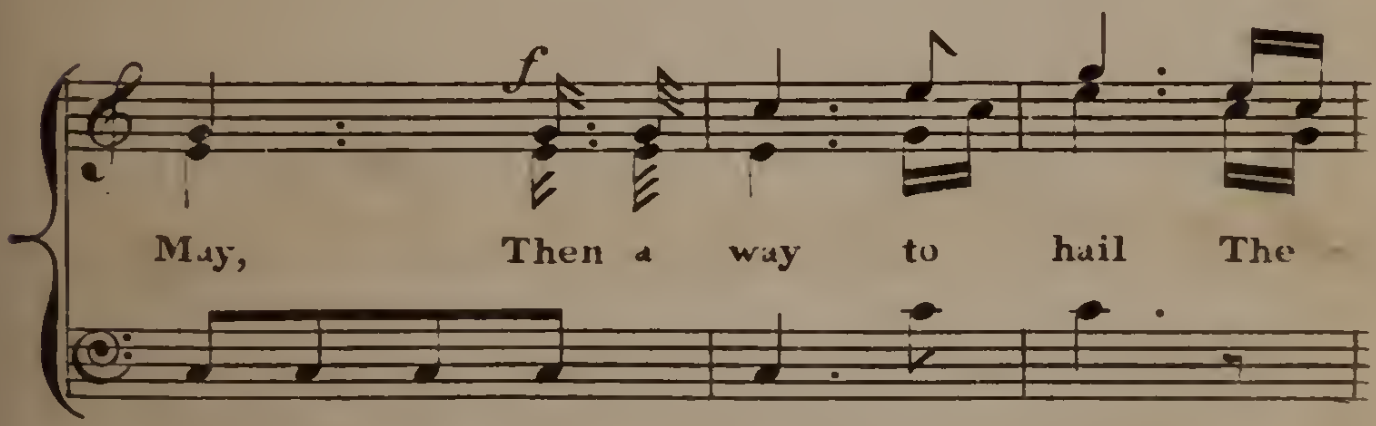
Hail! all hail! thou mer _ ry month of

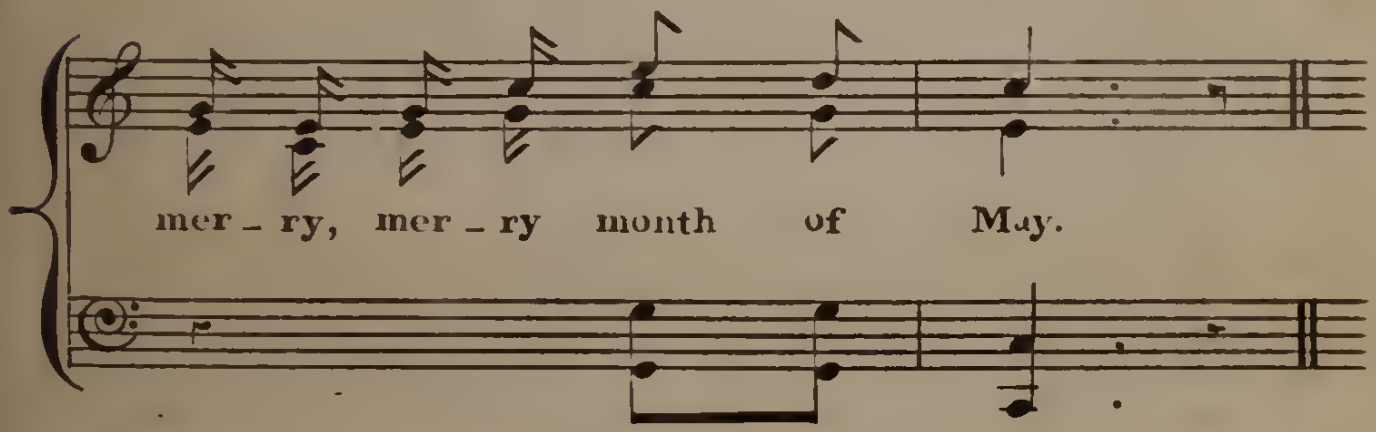
mp

May! We will has _ ten to the woods a _ way A _

_ mong the flowr's so sweet and gay; Then a _ way to hail the







2

Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May,
How the songsters warble on the spray!
And we will be as blithe as they,
Then away, to hail, &c.

THE POSTILLION.

Lively.

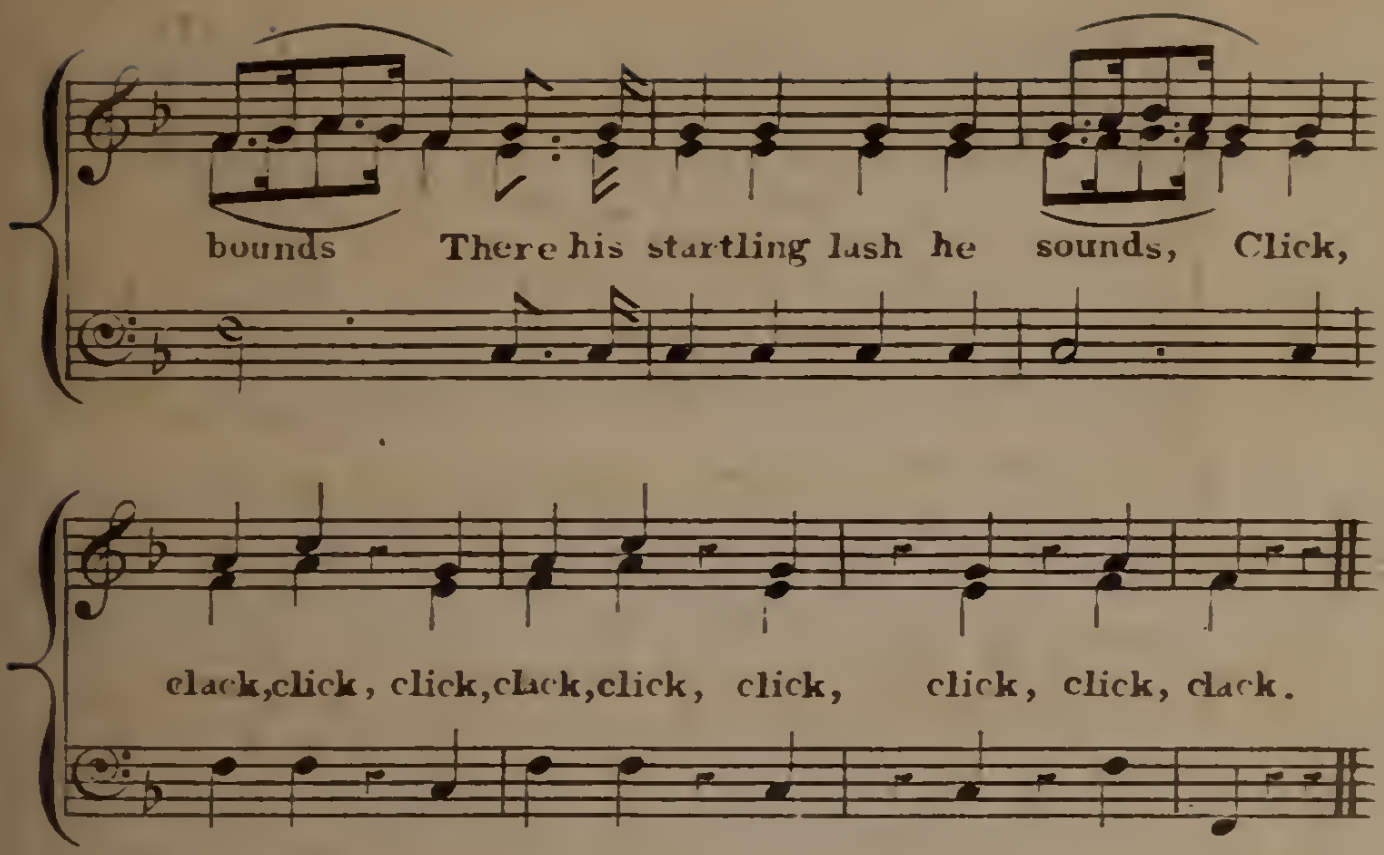
When the dawn is faint_ly break_ing, From his

slum_bers lightly waking, While the world is still in deep re_

f

_ pose, Forth the gay Pos_til_lion goes, Forth the

gay Pos_til_lion goes: To the stall with speed he



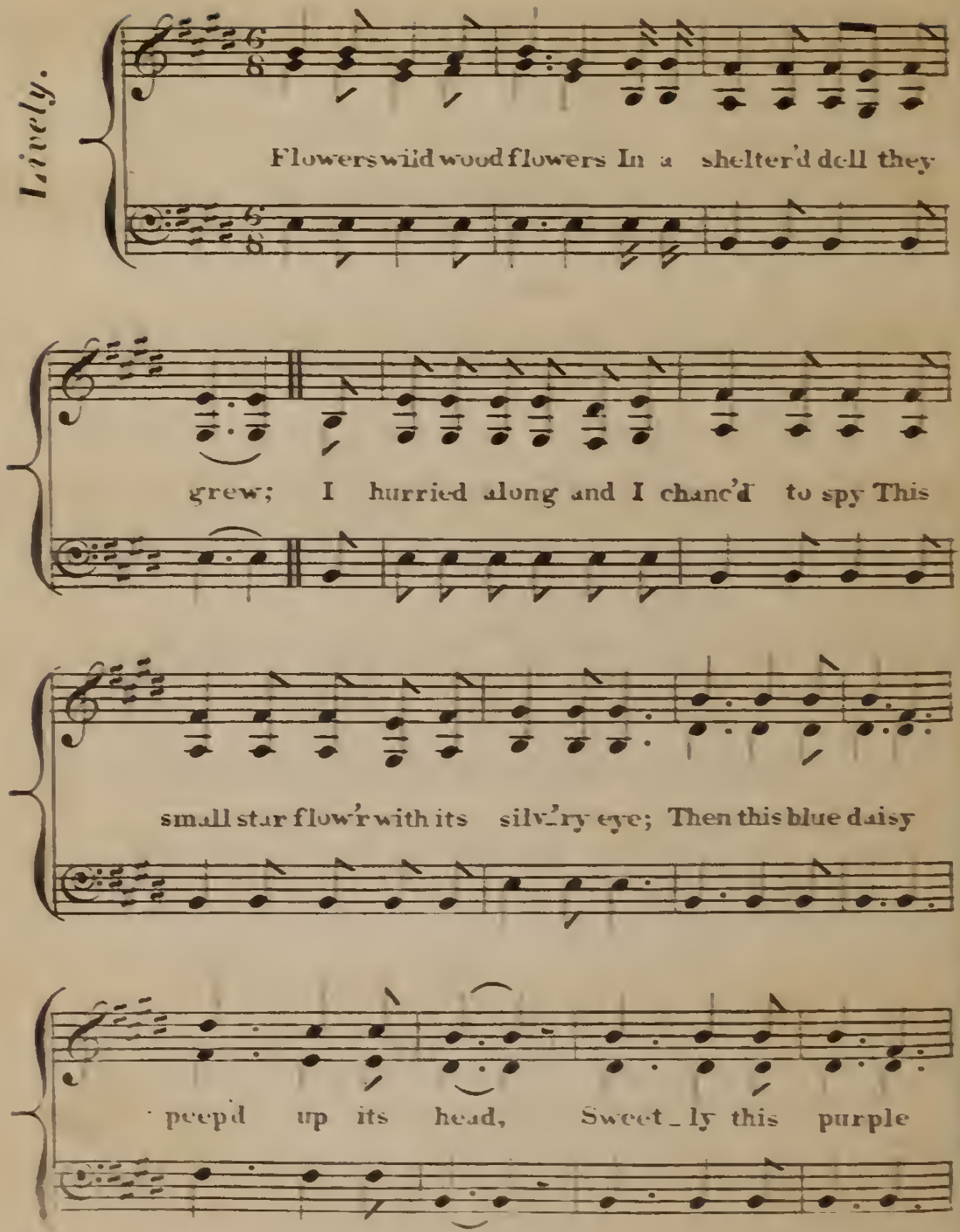
2

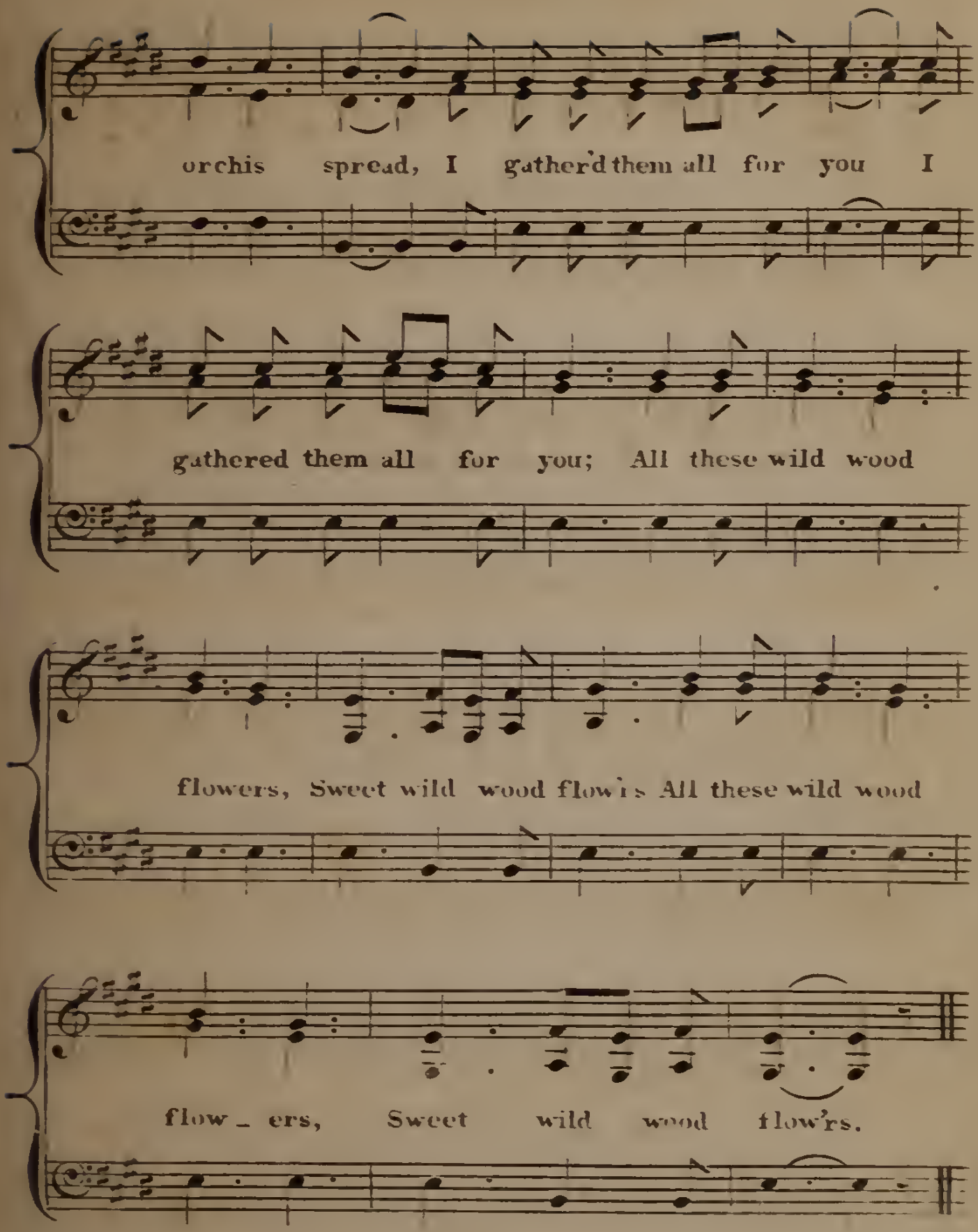
See his steeds now proudly prancing,
Through the city gates advancing,
While the rising sun's all gliding rays,
Over mount and valley blaze:‖:
Up and down the hills they fly,
Now the plains before them lie.
Click, clack, click, &c.

3

Then when night comes faintly darkling,
And the peaceful stars are sparkling,
Lo the goal is near – the glad steeds bound,
Soon the rattling streets resound; :‖:
Now the post horn pours its blast,
While the sounding lash falls fast.
Click, clack, click, &c.

WILD WOOD FLOWERS.




orchis spread, I gather'd them all for you I
gathered them all for you; All these wild wood
flowers, Sweet wild wood flow'rs All these wild wood
flow_ ers, Sweet wild wood flow'rs.

2. Flowers, lovely flowers _ In the garden we may

see; The rose is therewithher ru_by lip,

Pinks the honey-bee loves to sip, Tulips, Tulips

gay as a butterfly's wing, Marygolds rich as the

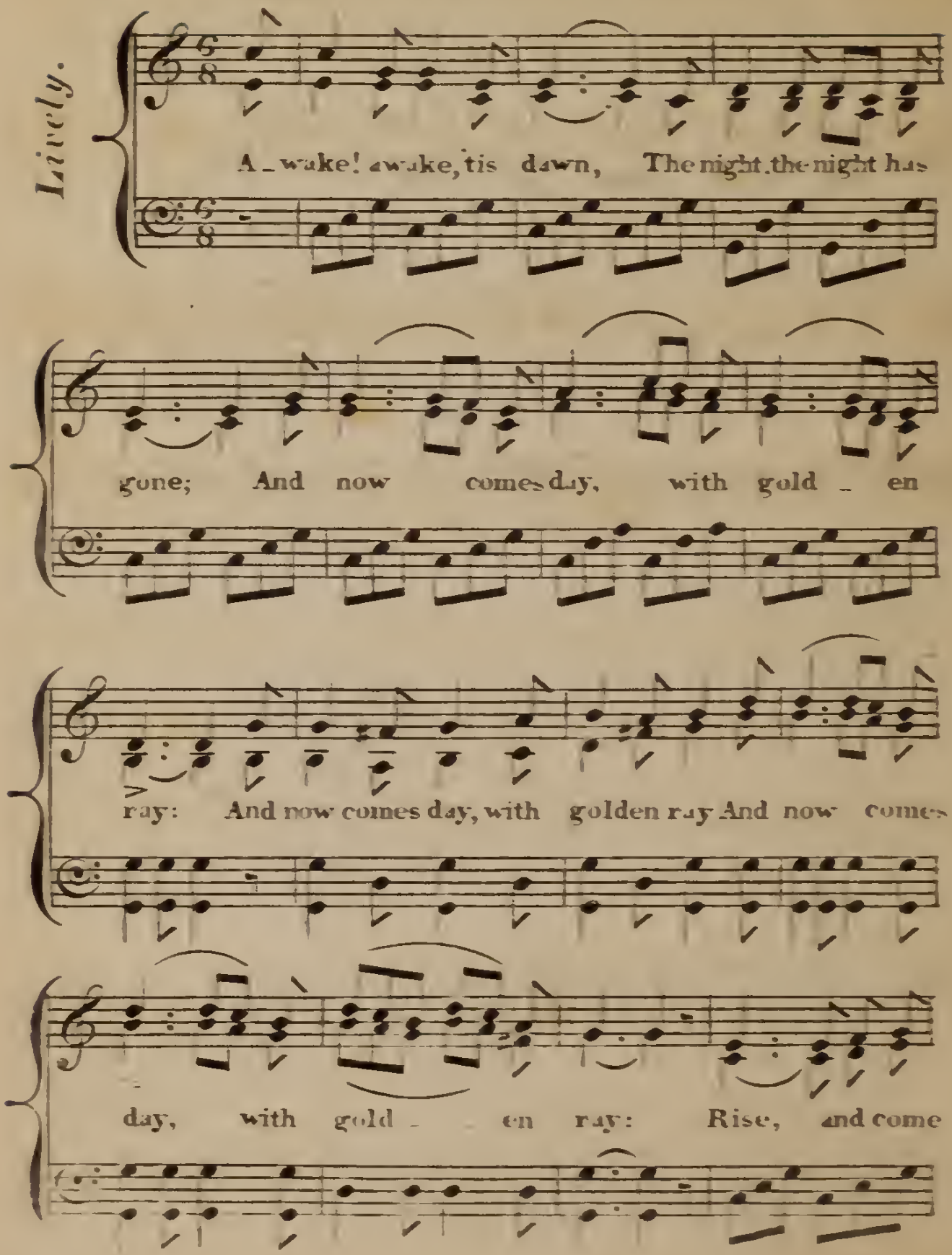
crown of a king, rich as the crown of a king; But

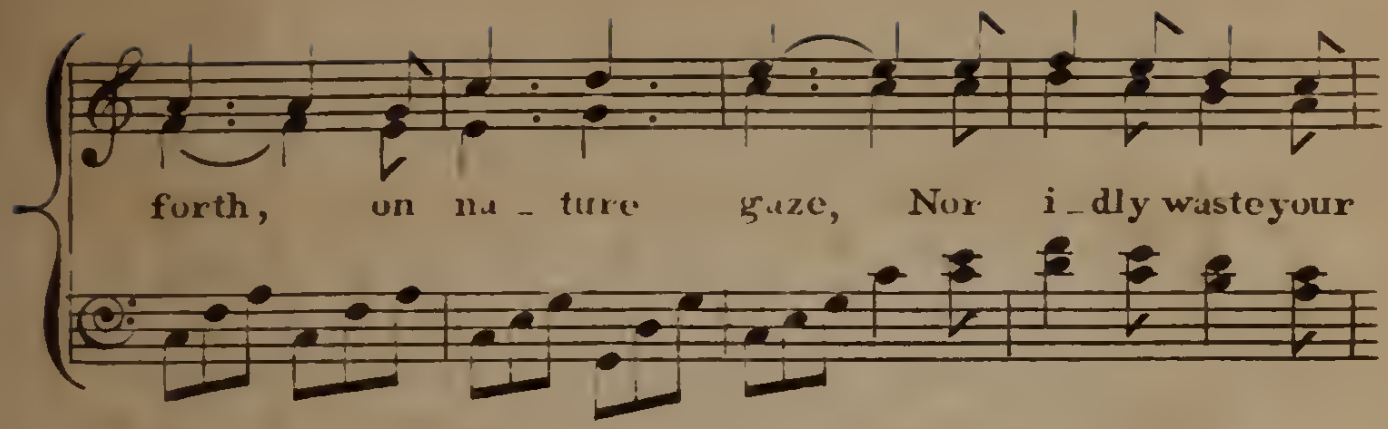
none so fair to me, But none so fair to me As these

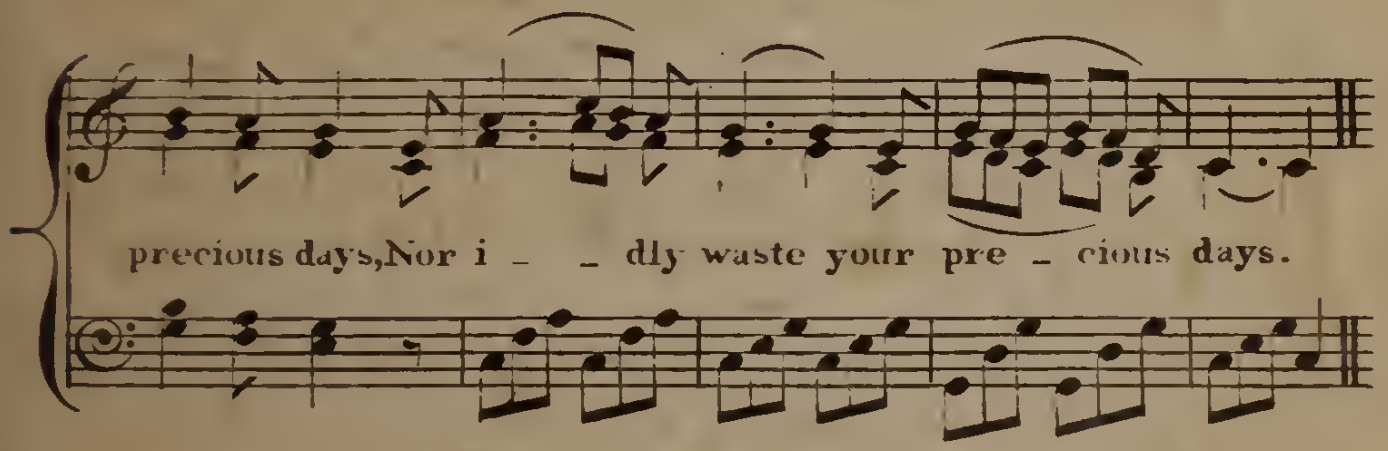
wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flow'rs As these

wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flow'rs.

AWAKE! AWAKE, 'TIS DAWN.







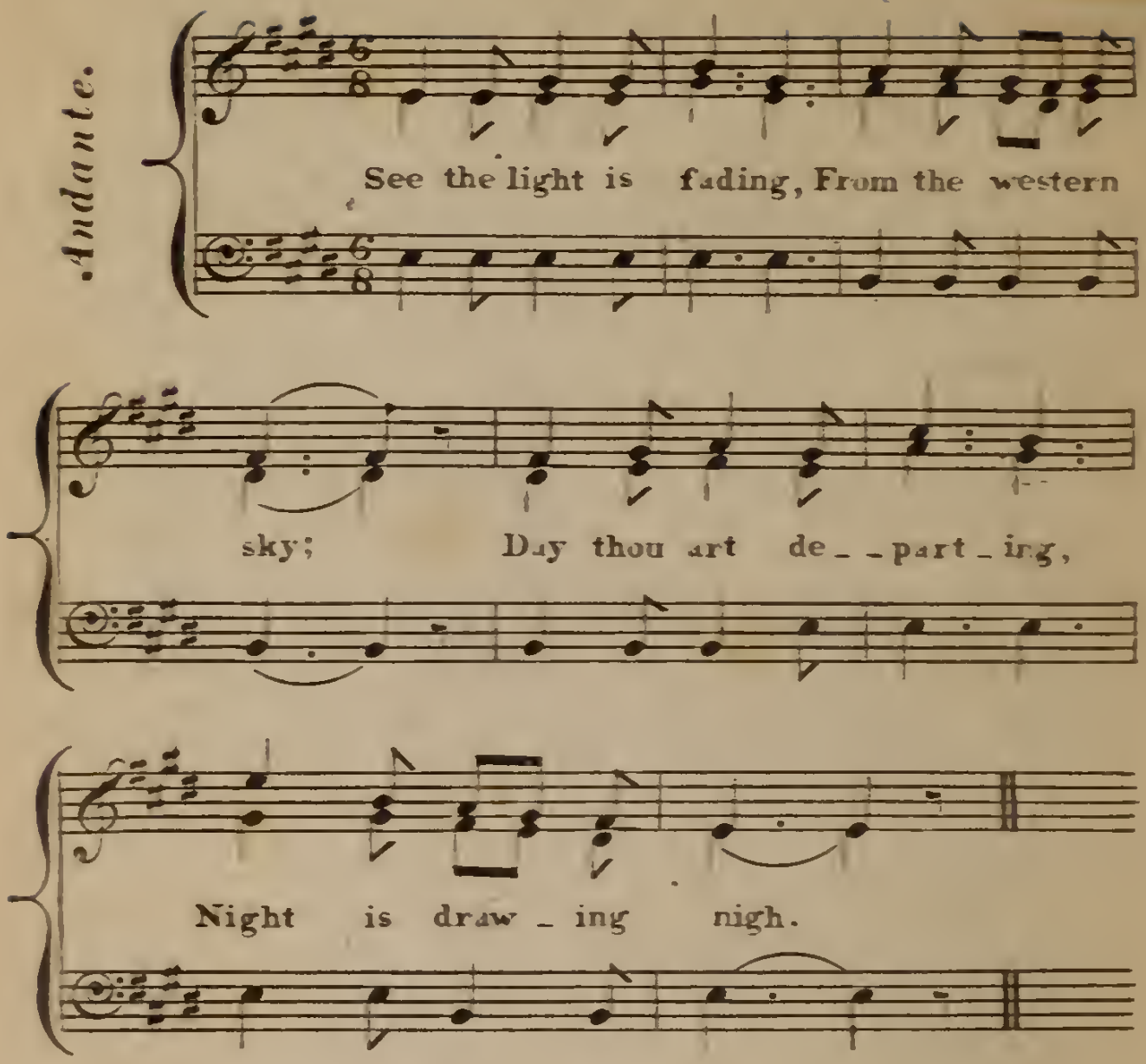
2

The birds, the birds now sing,
And meadows, meadows ring;
With joyous sound
Of praise around, } REPEAT TWICE.
Sister awake, with joy arise,
Shake drowsy sleep from off your eyes.

3

Awake! awake, 'tis dawn,
The night, the night has
And now comes day
With golden ray; } REPEAT TWICE.
Rise, and come forth, on nature gaze,
Nor idly waste your precious days.

EVENING.



2

Evening winds are breathing
Through the forest green,
Crimson clouds are wreathing
In the sky serene.

3

See the stars appearing
All around so bright,
Emblem ever cheering
Of eternal light.